

LOVE AND HONOUR,

Written by
W. DAVENANT Knight.

Presented by His Majesties Servants
at the *Black-Fryers*.



LONDON,
Printed for Hum: Robinson at the Three Pidgeons,
and Hum: Moseley at the Princes Armes in
St. Pauls Church-yard. 1649.

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Act I. Scena I.

A Retreat being founded as from far, Enter Vasco,
Alteſto, Frivolo.

Vasco. **H**Eark boyes? they found us a
retreat? this skirmish (ſirs)
Was no rare paſtime to conti-
nue at;

'Tis ſaſter wraſtling in a bed; give me
Hence-forth your white ſac'd foe, a plump
faire enemy

That weares her head peece lac'd; I'm for
a canbrick helmet, I.

Alteſto. And yet theſe mighty men of
Millain got

But little by the ſport; ſome of them ſhall
Vouchſafe to weare a ſingle arme hereafter,
Two wodden leggs too, and limpe their
dayes out

In an Hoſpittall.

Frivolo How? an Hoſpittall?

Vaſco. A rode, a rode; your highway ſir is
now

Your onely walke of ſtate for your maim'd
ſoldier.

Your Hoſpittalls and penſions are referu'd
For your maim'd Mercer, decay'd ſonnes
o'th ſhop,

That have been often crack'd not in their
crownes

Like us, but in their credit ſir.

Frivolo. And placker ſquires, that have bin
long diſcaſ'd

In their Lords ſervice; a ſcore of duckets
Shall bribe them into place, where they may
ſleep,

And eate, and pray too, but with breath ſo
muſh

Vnhollſome, th'ayre can hardly purify't

And make it fit to reach neare heaven?

Alteſto. Well, the ſurprize o'th cittadell,
wherein

The Duke had plac'd his daughter, with the
Ladies

Of her traine, and treaſure too, was a ſervice
Of moſt rare work.

Vaſco. Juſt when they ſally'd out
To cut our Rere in peeces, then ſteale in
By Ambuſh wiſely layd, and make them all
Our prize, was miracle.

Frivolo. They ſay his daughter ſcap'd, and
ſled, with her

As her beſt guard, one they call *Leonell*

Enter Triſtan.

Whom our Count *Proſpero* purſu'd.

Vaſ. Triſtan? Welcome; is all our pillage
waggond

Shall it to night ſee *Turin*?

Triſtan. All's ſafe my luſy leader, our
horſe too

Have founded a retreat; and the foe ſneakes,
He walkes wi'th's hands in's pockets like a
ſkipper

In a froſt.

Vaſ. Well, let me reckon my eſtate;
Firſt a widdow priſoner.

Alteſto. Mine's a maide priſoner,
Young my *Vaſco*, ſhe's yet in her firſt bluſh,
And I've diſpatch'd her unto *Turke* too
My Mothers houſe, thy priſoner in her com-
pany,

They are acquainted.

Vaſco. You have the luck; theſe bald
chinnes are as familiar

With their good starrs, as with spur-rowells,
Play with them, and turn 'em which way they
please;

I fought as well as he; and yet (forsooth)
His prisoner must be faire, and young, & mine
So old she might have given *Hercules* suck,
Now she sucks too, for she hath no teeth left,
In one moneth she'l cost me as much in caw-
dles

And sweet candy, as her ranfome comes too.

Fri But you have other pillage *Capitaine*.

Vas Let me see, 3 Baubarie horses with rich
Caparisons, 2 Chests o'th Generalls cloths.

Alt. And I 2 chests o'th Generalls plate.

Fri. In those I share *Altesio*.

Vasco How? plate? shall we incounter our
fowc'd fish

And broyld *Pullen* in silver service rogues?
Like furr'd *Mapuiscoces*?

Fri. We shall *Captaines*, but you may
dip your morsell in good china earth.

Altesio. All your plate *Vasco*, is the silver
handle

Of your old prisoners franne.

Enter Prospero (wounded) and Evandra
(her armes in a scarfe Piniond.)

Trist. Here comes *Prospero* the valiant
Count.

Vas. And with him the brave prize.

Prof. *Evandra* do not mourne, I that have
made

You captive thus with hazard of my youth
And blood, shall think you now as worthy of
My care, as of my valour in the fight;
Can I esteeme you lesse by being mine?

Evand. What have I done (unknown unto
my heart)

That I should tempt your valour to so great
A sin as my captivity? or are my crimes

Obserr'd more than my prayers, that hea-
ven shall leave

Me to become the scorne of victorie?

Prof. It is the sad preheminece of your
Exemplar birth, and beauty, to confest
Honour on him that is your conqueror.

Evand. Honour? is that the word that hath
so long

Brayd the Emulous world, and scold the
noblest race

Of men, into a vex'd, and angry death?

If 'twere a vertue 'twould not strive t'in-
thrall,

And thus distresse the innocent.

Prof. I am the wars discipule, and since first
I had the growth to weare a sword, I nere
Was taught how to subdue by reason-but
By strength. *Altesio*?

Altesio. My Lord.

Prof. Take here this Lady to your charge,
conduct

Her unto *Turin*, and there guard her in
My house till my approach.

Altesio. I shall my Lord.

Prof. Let her be safe *Altesio* in thy care
On forfeiture of life, she is my prisoner
And th' noblest in the field, the beaurious
Heire of *Millaine*; had not my niggard starrs
Intended me but halfe a courtie sie,
The Duke her Father had lamented now
Under the same fate.

Vasco. I could wish your Lordship would
beleeve me,

A fitt r man, to take charge of the Lady.

Prof. VVhy *Captaine*?

Vas. You could not commit her to an
Eunuch

VVith more safety; if the great Turke knew
me

(Honest *Achmet*) he would trust me in's Se-
raglio

(By this hand) without defalking one graine
beneath the waste.

Prof. Successe hath made you wanton *Cap.*

Vas. Besides (my Lord) I have tane an
old Abeffe

Prisner, o such a Governesse for a

Young maid, sheel read to her such ho-
milies,

And teach her such receipts out of the Fa-
thers,

How to cure the toothach, preserve plums,
And boyle Amber possits, will make her fir

In three dayes a very Sr.

Prof. VVell you shall take my bounry too,
close by

The valley that doth joine to th' neighbour
grove

Lyes conquerd by my sword a *Millain*
knight,

His wounds medicin'd & stop't by the best art
I had, but by much losse of blood unable yet

To

To move, him, and his ransom I bestow on you,

Vas. I thank your Lordship

Prof. But use him nobly *Vasco* for he hath
A courage that well merited his cause,
And fought with eager and with skillfull,
strength

To free that lady from my bonds, but the
glad day was mine.

Vas. He shall be kindly us'd,

Only your sweet lordship must give me leave
When he pay's his ransom to weigh his gold,
Were he my father sir, he must indure
The tryall of my scales; follow *Tristan*.

Prof. Make haste; see him well waggond,
and provide

A surgeon to attend his cure. *Ex. Vas. Trist.*

Eván. Sir, can you find no pittie yet within
Your breast? you have already shewn e-
nough

Of your sterne fathers spirit, is there not
In all your heart so much of softnes as
Declares you had a mother too, must I
Be led a captive, and in a cruell land
Lament your victorie? (*haste?*)

Prof. Alas, beare her from my sight; make
I am not safe, when I converse with teares.

Exeunt Alas, Eván.

I would ambition were not brve in war?
Or that the rage of Princes had not made
It lawfull to subdue whom they dislike,
Or 'twere ignoble to inflict a miserie,
As to indur our selves; *Friuolo*, where
Didst thou leave the prince?

Fri. In pursuit of the Duke, who since
we heare

Recover'd *Millame*, which caus'd him sound
us

A retreat, — heark sir, his march leads
hither;

It is his way to *Turin*. *Enter Calladine.*
The prince, the prince; my Lord *Prospero*
You have been sought for, the valiant prince
For this day's action hath advanc'd you to
The publike cares, and we your friends re-
joyc'd.

Prof. I did but as his bold example gave
Me fire; I saw him conquer, kill, and leade
In fetters sad faces, which I nere saw
Before, and I beleev'd 'twas good; I wish
That heaven may thinke so too; I not con-
venc

Vith bookes, but I have heard our enemies
(Although they wrong'd not me) must be to
us d.

*Enter Alvaro, Soldiers stripping off
his Corset.*

Vnbuckle *Calladine*, the day is hott,
And our great businesse cooles like to their
heates;

That fled to humbled *Millaine*, & have left
Their fainting honour hovering over our
crests,

Leade on my horse in triumph; I will march
On foot, he hath perform'd his worke, as he
Had equall'd me in sense of what he did.

Cal. Sir, *Prospero* the Counr, whom your
kind feares (*Prof. kneeles kisses*)

So heartily inquis'd for i'th retreat (*his hand*
Alva. Rise noble youth, and let me hold
thee neere

My heart, joyne thy stout brest to mine that
we

May grow a while together in our love,
Yet when divided, be the same in thought
And act; this day thou hast begot an historie,
And given our *Savoy* Chronicles a theme
To teach them boast and be beleev'd.

Prof. Alas, my dread Prince, why should
you lose

Your prayse on me, that did but imitate
The faintest of your vigour, and your skill?
You bred mee from my childhood to doe
things

That they call glorious, though (dull and
much unlearn'd)

I cannot reach the cause of what I doe,
More than your example, and command.

Alva. Since thou gear'st strength to weare a
sword, thou hast

Been mine, and 'thath been drawn to execute
My will, and though (I know not why) thou
wast

Averse to arts, and written labours of
The wise, yet discipline of warre thou lov'dst,
And bring thee to a fiery steed, him thou
Vouldst sit, and mannage with such gentle

rule

That our Idolatrous Philosophers
Beleev'd thou hadst created, whom thou
taught'st.

Prof. Your love will breed me envy fir;
something my

Have I not
Fve

I've done (since you are pleas'd to value so
My weaker toyles) which may perhaps de-
serve

Your fathers thanks, and yours, and's yet un-
known

Vnto you both, *Evandra*, heir of *Millaine*,
I have fought for, tane prisoner, and sent
To *Turin*, a reward for our just war.

Alva. Hah! the faire *Evandra* made pri-
soner?

And *Prospero* by thee?

Prof. Why should you thinke him whom
you prais'd

So much, unfit for such a victorie.

Alva. Now all the blessings of my faithfull
love

Are lost; she whom I doated on with my
Most chaste, and early appetite, is sent
In bonds, to appease my cruell fathers wrath.

Call. My Lord, he lov'd her much, though
temp'rately

Conceald from gen'rall knowledge, and his
friends.

Prof. Then mount my courser *Frivolo*,
and try

If by the happy quicknesse of his speed,
Thou canst recover her returne, and use
Her with such faire respective homage as
May expiate my violent surprize. *Ex. Friv.*

Alva. Fly, fly; I would thy nimble motion
could

Oretake the arrow from th' *Assyrian* bow,
Or swifter lightning whom our sight pursues
And is to slow to reach.

Prof. What have I done, that I should thus
mistake

An act of valiant glorie, for a deed
That argues an austere Ignoble rage?

Alv. Faire *Evandra*, the pide of *Italy*,

In whom the Graces met to rectifie
Themselves, that had not cause enough to
blush

Vnlesse for pitty they were not so good
As she; think now the Easterne spices sweet,
And that the blossoms of the spring perfume
The morning ayre; necessity must rule
Believe, lets strew our Altars with them now,
Since she's imprisond, stifled, and chok'd up
Like weeping Roses in a still, whose Inar-
ticulate breath

Heaven through a purer sacrifice than all
our orizons.

Prof. Is she not fitter then
For *Turin*, than for *Millaine* sir? I saw
You take prisoners, and in my fury had
Discretion to achieve the best.

Alva. O thou hast lost my heart; hence doth
proceed

This recreant act, that to thy savage courage
I could never joyne the temperance
Of sweet Philosophy; hadst thou been learn'd,
And read the noble deeds of gentle knights,
Reason had check'd thy rage, thy vallor
would

Have been more pittifull than to have lead
A virgin into harsh captivity.

Prof. I thought I had done well.

Alv. How! well? draw back that falshood
in thy breath

Agon, or I will pierce thy heart, that thou
Mayst dye Impenitent.

Drawes his sword, Call. slays him.
Vnhand me *Callandine*, I've already met
My better thoughts; why should I waste my
wrath

On such a forrester? wild as the woods,
Where he should graze with the brute heard,
who though they want
Discourive soule, are lesse inhumane farre
than he.

Prof. She was the daughter of our greatest
enemie,

And so I us'd her fir.

Alva. A cholerick Beare, or hungry Pan-
ther would

Have us'd her with more soft remorse; had I
Incountred her in the mad heate of chace,
In all the fury of the fight, I would
Have taught my angry steed the easie and

The peacefull motion of a lambe,
She should have set his back, soft as the ayre;
And in her girdle bridle him, more curb'd
Than in his foaming bitt, whilst I her slave,
Walk'd by, marking what hasty flowers
sprung up,

Invited by her eye-beames from their cold
roots;

And this would each true soldier do, that had
Resin'd his courage with the sober checks
Of sweet Philosophy.

Prof. Would you had taught me some Phi-
losophy
Before I learn'd to fight.

Enter

Enter Frivolo.

All hope is past, she was convey'd in one
Of your swift chariots fir, which it doth seem
Atheſto did unhappily oretake,
And she's ere this within our *Turin* walls.

Prof. Such language and such newes better
become

The farall birds of night, so Ravens croke
When they fly ore the mansions of the sick
And bode their deaths.

Alv. Prospero, see me no more,
Th'art a disease unto my injurd sight:
Flye to some lustfull coast, where none but
Goates

And Sarys live, where the name of virgin is
As strange as this thy cruelty, there thou
Mayst hope to wander not contemn'd,
shoud I

Behold thy face agen, and let thee live,
My patience would become my vildest guilt.

Cal. See, sir, he weepes; can you indure
him mourne
And languish thus, whom heeretofore you
did

Embrace in the chiefe ranck of love, not
mov'd
(Sir) with his teares?

Alv. No more than to behold
The pudled channell overflow, he saw
Her weepe, and could indur'e; the drops fell
drowne

Me thinks, as when the pittceous Pelican
Wounds her remorsefull breast.

Prof. Sir, have I in one hasty moment, so
Farre merited my ruine that no means
Is left to winne me to your former grace.

Alv. Never, unless thou couldst restore
Evandras liberty, she is ere this
Within my fathers reach, whose nature is
Severe, and morrall to her fathers blood.
An ancient vow he tooke, will make head-
stine

So sad, I feare to thinke on it, poore *Evandra*.

Prof. I sent her in good conduct to my
house,

Where is a cave, so art fully conceal'd
Within my gardens verge, that not the sunnes
Most prying beames, nor humane search
Can ere discover it, He hide her there,
Till time and apt convenience can dispose
Her unto *Millain*.

Alv. Fly then, loose not the sick hope
with slow

Pursuit, fate keepe her from my father.

Prof. He strive to groane away my breath,
and die. *Exit Prof.*

Cornet flourish asarr off.

Frivo. Heare sir, the Duke your father sure
Doth ride in triumph through the towne,
to meete

And celebrate your victorie.

Alv. Give order that our troops march,
march slowly on;

Our Drums should now in sable cases beare
Our collours foulded, and our Muskets be
Reverst, whilst our dejected pikes we traile,
But that I feare, it would breed inquirie in
My father of a cause, he must not know,
O Callandine! Evandra is in bonds. *Exit:*

*Enter Vasco, Trifan, Leonell wounded
and led.*

Vasco. Prepare the waggon *Trifan*, spread
a mattin's

And (dost here) bid my Ancient teare of's
collors

For a coverlet, tis thine fir, all our shift?

Trifan. All's ready fir, with bottom of the hill,
He shall be us'd like a Queen when shee ly-
in.

Vas. Softly *Trifan*, he moves as weakely as
His sinnewes were of spinners threads, so cut
And carv'd; he hath made your stein fir, only
Fit to be worne in summer; this *Prospero*
Is a Turke when's whinyards drawne, and
shines in's eyes.

Leonell. He us'd me nobly fir, when I had
bled

My selfe past strength to conquer him, wee
I hope to finde such mercy in an Enemy,
Lesse I had fallen beneath the force of your
Alvaco, Prince of *Pigmont*.

Vas. I there's a man; tis true, Lord *Prof-
pero* vallants

I thinke he dares meet the devill in Duell,
And give him two flahs of lightning odds, but
He wants that they call learning fir, Prince

Alvaco;

Is (as they say) a philosophy man;

He talks of Rabins, and strange Hebrew
roots;

Things we dull Souldiers rather care then
mention.

Trifan.

Trist. He can tell you fir how many show-
ers fell
Since *Noah's* flood.

Vas. And how many cloakes those showers
have wet.

Leonell. Have you no knowledge of the
Lady fir

That was surpriz'd from my protection by
young *Prospero*?

Vas. Good; was ever creature of heavens
making

So libidinous as paltry man? now
Has he a mind to the Lady? she fir,
Is safe in *Turin*, whither strait we mean
To lead you too.

Leon. Some comfort yet, it is decreed I
must

Indure my bondage where she suffers her's;
Poore *Evandra*; was fate so niggardly
She could allow no more protection for
Thy beauty than my single fortitude?

Trist. Come move on fir, it will be late
ere we
Shall reach the towne.

Leon. What other fortune had the battaile?

Vas. We fwadled your Duke home, he and
the rest
Of your bruised countymen have woundrous
need

Of capons greafe.

Leon. Strange giddinesse of warre; some
men must groane

To further others mirth, what furie rules
Ore humane sence, that we should struggle
to

Destroy in wounds, and rage, our life, that
heaven

Decreed so short? It is a myserie

Too sad to be remembred by the wise,
That halfe mankind consume their noble
blood,

In causes not belov'd, or understood.

Exeunt.

AB. 2. Scene 1.

Enter Vasco, Frivolo, Trifan.

Fri. You have heard the proclaim'd law
Vasco.

Vas. I would there were no law, or that
no man

Were learn'd enough to read em, or that we
Courage enough not to obey them (had

Trist. *Frivolo*, what law is this?

Fri. It is proclaim'd all female prisoners
After a yeare should have free libertie
To returne to *Millaine*, and ransomlesse,
Only a yeare is given to us the conquerors,
That those we took of birth, and dowry may
(If we can woode them to consent) marry us,
But wee have no power to use constraint,
nor to

Inforce a maidenhead, on paine of death.

Vas. My beldam hath cane order with her
maidenhead

Ten yeares ere I was borne.

Fri. I'th meane time *Tristan*,
As a requitall for our hopes, we must
Maintaine them at our own charge?

Trist. Must not the men wee tooke pay
ransome?

Vas. Yes, yes, they pay: I have a Knight
given me

By young Count *Prospero* shall sell his spurs
Ere he scape free, I will pawne him till he
Be worne toth' title of a Squire.

Friv. Thou art as cruell as a Constable
That's wak'd with a quarrell out of his first
sleepe.

Vas. Hang him bold Carian, hee indites
And will live as well by sending short E-
pistles

Or by th' sad whisper at your gamsters elbow
When the great by is drawne, as any bashfull
Gallant of em all.

Trist. But whats the cause our Duke is so
severe

Unto the heire of *Millain* (whom 'tis said
Shall suffer instant death) yet is thus kind
To others of her sex.

Friv. She dies to satisfie
A vow hee made in's youth, when those of
Millain

Took his brother prisoner, and would not be
Appeaz'd without the forfeiture of's head.

Trist. I am not yet instructed *Frivolo*,
VWhy should not then the rest we took dy
too?

Friv. *Evandra* is a sacrifice for all;
His other mercy takes from th' crueltye
He shoves on her.

Enter

Enter Alcesto

Vas. From whence *Alcesto* comes your
loftinesse?

Alcest. Why, from the Duke; I had laid
me

For breakfast a fine comfortable ginne.

Vas. VVhat was't, a wench?

Alcest. A rack *Vasco*, a rack y
A certaine Instrument that will extend, and
draw

Our sinnewes into treble strings, and stretch
Our great shinne bones, till they become
slender

As knitting needles, or a Spiders leggs.

Vas. Didst thou commit Treason? 'tis
well thou hast

A braine for any things, the age requires
Parts, we cannot eat else; but quick, the cause.

Alcest. 'Twas to discover where I left
Euandra,

VVhom *Prospero* deliver'd to my charge;
I answer'd a full truth, that I restor'd
Her to his hands, at his returne to's house,
And this (as fortune would vouchsafe) the
Duke

Beleeu'd without applying (Gentlemen)
The recreation of the Jack.

Fri. But she is not yet found.

Alcest. No, and the Duke beleeves her still
i'th Town.

Therefore a guard is plac'd at all the gates
to hinder her escape.

Vasco. I do not like

This cutting off young wenches heads; 'tis
thought

They cannot kisse handsomely without them.

Trist. But how does *Prospero* excuse her
flight?

Alcest. He saies she's stoln away, but shews
no manner how;

And th'angry Duke, though he be precious in
His love, threatens him much.

Vas. Some Angell stole her from him, and
Gentlemen

If I have any skill in Magick you
Shall see her three daies hence pirling in a
Cloud,

Southward of yonder Star; look up, just
there;

With her Ivory Late hanging at her back,
And working me a scarfe of sky-colour'd
Sattin.

Alcest. A halter (*Vasco*) to save the poore
Srate

The charge of a penny, thou'lt have need
on't.

Vas. What's become of *Melora*, your
faire prisoner?

You heare the Proclamation.

Alcest. Yes, and am well pleas'd, I meane
to wooe, and marry her, she hath

Twelve thousand crowns by good intelli-
gence.

Vas. If she consent; but I am of the faith;
Such Suckets are but feldome swallow'd by
Us wealthy Aldermen o'th Campe; a joyne-
ture

Is the word *Alcesto*, and then you'll shew her
A young back with a Sword hanging over't,
Worse than a hand saw.

Alcest. Just now I left her at my mothers
house;

And firra *Vasco*, she looks, oh rogue, rogue!
A Flanders peake i'th middle of her brow,
Which straight I spy, and shake, and melt,
then speak

Fine language to her, and am dutious with
My Bonnet at her Instep thus——

Vas. Th'ast found the way.

Alcest. Then *Vasco* she moves back, disco-
vering but

The very verge of both her picked toes,
But in white Shoes, and then I'm taken that
I stand like one of the Turkes chidden mutes,
A girle in a Bongrace thus high may ravish
me.

Fri. Alas poore Gentleman!

Alcest. But *Vasco*, her fingers, by this good
day,

I think they are smaller than hy point tags;
And she behaves them on the Virginals
So prettily, I'd wish no more of heaven,
Than once to hear her play *Fortune my Fo:*
Or *John come kisse me now*.

Vas. Those are tunes my old widdow pri-
soner sings

With more divison than a water work
When the maine pipe is halfe stop.

Fri. You have a yeare allow'd to wooe
her *Vasco*.

Trist. She's rich; I knew her husband, he
thriv'd much

By a monopoly he had of dead womens hair,
B All

All *Millaine* talk'd of it; she kept another shop

Under *St. Maundins* wall, and quilted ushers Calves.

Vas. Well Gentlemen, let's waste no time, I'll to

My Barbers straight, purge, shave, and wash, for know

If cleanness and good looks will do't Ile teach

Her Grandameship to mump, and marry too,

Or my arts faile; *Friuolo*, you and *Tristan* Follow me, I shall employ you both.

Altes. I am for *Prospero*, he sent to speak with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alvaro, Prospero (with a Key, and Lights.)

Prof. Sir, you have made me know my cruelty,

'Twas such incomely valour, that I blush To name't, and trust me, could I sink low as The Center whilest I kneel, still would I thus Implore your pardon, and your love. *Kneels*

Alva. Arise, I have a memory so apt T'advance my pittie 'bove my anger when

It mentions thee, that Ile forget the cause That made thy guilt, and me to mourne; but O,

This dismal place brings it again to thought, This lookes methinks like to the dark And hidden dwelling of the winds, as yet Unknown to men, where storms ingender, and

The whirling blasts that trouble Nature till She tremble at their force, and ruine all The sumptuous piles of Art.

Prof. Necessary hath caus'd this choice, till the

Severe inquiry of your Father be Appeas'd, and we can shape her a disguise fit to

Convey her from the Towne.

Alva. With soft and gentle summons call, that she

May clime unto the top, and verge o' th cave.

Prof. *Evandra*, speak, ascend to us; I am Your penitentiall Enemy, that come

To weep away my trespasse at your feet.

Alva. *Evandra*, rise, break from this thick

And silent darknesse, like the eldest light.

The Stage opens, Prospero lifts Evandra up.
Evan. Halmy Lord the Prince?

Alva. O noble maid, what expiation can Make fit this young and cruell Souldier for Society of men, that hath defil'd

The Genius of triumphant glorious war

With such a rape upon thy liberty?

Or what lesse hard than marble of

The *Parian* Rock, canst thou beleve my heart,

That nurc'd and bred him my Disciple in The Campe, and yet could teach his valour no More tendernesse than injur'd *Scythians* use VWhen they are vex'd to a revenge? but he Hath mourn'd for it, and sure *Evandra* thou Art strangely pittifull, that dost so long Conceale an anger that would kill us both.

Evan. Sir, I am nobly recompenc'd, in that

You will vouchsafe me worthy of your grief, And though I dye forgotten here (a poore And luckles maid) lost like a blossome which Th' injurious wind buries in dust, yet so Much courtesie deserves to be remembered even in heaven.

Alva. Was this a subject fit to beare the pride

And insolent calamity of war?

As well had it become in the worlds youth The Giant Race, to hunt with mighty spear And iron shield, the soft and tender Ermine; *Evandra*, I have lov'd thee much, and long. Why dost thou start, as if some jealous thought

Did whisper that my love devis'd this snare To keep thee here within my power and reach?

Evan. I cannot think you are so cruell to Your selfe, afflict the thing that you esteem.

Alva. No beauntious maid, had I beheld thy flight

In our sterne exercise of wrath, I would Have made the bloody field a garden fit T' adorne the shews of a triumphant peace; And ev'ry soldier like a reaper cloth'd, Fitter to use his sickle than his sword. Still thou recoyl'st like the chaste Indian plant, at the

That shrinks and curles his bashfull leaves, Approach of man.

Evandra.

Love and Honour.

9

Evan. I've lost my reason, and I want the
cour ge

To entertaine you kindnesse as I ought.

Alva. Is it because my yeares a little have
Oregrowne my youth, or that the enmity
Our Fathers interchange begets in thee
A factious hate, till't make thy duty sinne?
But tis not possible thou canst create
A thought will merit such a name.

Evan. The gentle businesse fit of love is fit
For howers more calme, and blest than those
A captive can enjoy.

Alva. These are not words
To quiet me in sleepe, & peacefull thoughts.

Prof. Nor shall I evermore rellish delights
And triumphs of the court, or haughty joyes
Of warre and victorie.

Alva. *Evandra* live, be yet some happi-
nesse

Vnto thy selfe, and with the patience that
Becomes a maids divinitie, relieve
Thy heart with easie hope of libertie,
Inforcing a content within this datke
And solitarie cave, till I have power
With apt disguise to further thy escape,
Which shall be hastned with my ablest skill.
Beleeve me good *Evandra*, the honour of
My birth and soule shall warrant it.

Evan. You are a Prince renound, and
precious for
Your faith, and courtesie.

Alva. Thinke not Ile use advantage, or
constraint

Vpon thy love, a virgins heart (I know)
Is sooner strok'd than check'd into a kind
Surrender of her breast.

Evan. Sir, all the bounties that the hea-
vens provide

For truth and clemency, fall on your still.

Alva. If thou suspectt I've not enough of
cold

And holy temper to resist the flames
Of appetite, command that I shall see
Thee here no more, & my obedience strait
Shall be restraind within a sacred vow,
For I would have thy thoughts (*Evandra*) safe
As thy beauties are.

Evan. It were a crime
Greater (I hope) than I shall ere commit
To doubt such princely goodnesse can per-
vert it selfe.

Alva. Then I shall cherish opportunities
To hasten my returne.

Evan. Not Angells sure when they con-
verse, can meet

VVith lesse intent of sinne, and more of joy?

Alva. VVell, I must see thee oft, thy won-
drous eyes

Have softned all my spirits to a calme
And easie temper for thy sway, that I
Could change my corslet, and my iron vests
Of rugged war, to move in gentle pace,
Vnto the tunefull whispers of thy Lute,
Still cloth'd in tender garments of thy work,
And for a plumed Helmet weare chaplets
Of flowers, in a mysterious order rank'd
By thy white virgin hand, then like thy near
Ore'busie maid, bind up thy looser philetting
And pleate in curles thy soft dishevell'd
haire.

Ile make my frequent visits here till thou
Confesse how much I am subdu'd.

Evand. I am oppress'd with feare, the watch-
full Duke

Your father should observe, unto this sad
Vnusuall place, your stolne approach, & then
My sorrowes would be doubled in your dan-
ger.

(such
Alva. Danger? how noble lovers smile at
A thought? 'tis love that cnelly fortifies
And gives us mighty vigor to attempt
On others force, and suffer more than we
Inflict; would all the souldiers that I leade
In active war, were lovers too, though leane,
Feebled, & weakned with their ladys frowns;
How when their valours stirr'd, would they
march strong,
through hideous gulphs, through numerous
herds

Of angry Lyons, and consuming fire?

Knock within.

Evan. What doubtfull noyse is that?

Alva. 'Tis *Calladine*, I did appoint him
here.

Stay *Prospero*, let him not enter yet;
O envious chance, must we depart so scone?

They put Evandra downe in the cave.

Descend like the bright officer of day,
Whilst darkned we thy beauteous absence
mourne,
And every flower doth weepe till thy re-
turne?

Opens the doore, lets in Calladine.

Prof. His looks declare there's hazard,
and some haste.

Alv. What wouldest thou speake.

Cal. The Duke your father (sir) is much
perplext;

He calls for *Prospero*, and it is feard,

Will torture him to find *Evandra's* flight.

Alva. He shall not yet appeare; I will in-
dure

His angers edge with venture of my selfe.

Stay till I send.

Exit.

Cal. My Lord, I grieve to see your sor-
rowes beare

So great a weight, as makes you groane unto
Your selfe; this silence, and fixation of
Your eyes, untill unchanged objects cause
Them ake, is such unlike your wonted
mind;

Suspect not but the Prince will qualifie

His Father to a peace, and a more just

Interpretation of your worth.

Prof. Know *Calladine*, 'tis not *Evandra's*
bonds,

Nor all the torments that th'incensed Duke

From cruelty or art can minister,

Have power to freeze, and fixe me like a sta-
tue thus;

I have another cause that swels my heart,

Till't grow too spacious for my breast.

Cal. 'Tis sir! your favours have oblig'd
me so

That I must share your griefe, and 'twould
perhaps

Afford some remedy to share the cause.

Pro. I know not *Calladine* in the vast world
One I more love, or would so boldly trust;
But thou wilt think me mad.

Cal. My Lord, lie forget then my man-
ners, and

My reason too.

Pro. Come, thou shalt know, I love——

How wilt thou smile to see m'ambitious eyes
Looke higher than the Eagle, when he soares
To cleave his sight? I love——

Cal. Who is't you love?

Pro. *Evandra*; now mixe pittie in thy
scorn.

Cal. 'Tis sad the Prince and you should
meet with so

Much violence in the same choice.

Pro. At first, i'th rage of fight, I gaz'd
on her,

With halfe discernings of her forme, a mist
Of fury hung between us then, but since
That I have view'd her beauty with some
care,

And seen how sweetly she demeanes her in
Calamity, I have orethrown my heart
With liking her too much.

Cal. It will require great wisdom to per-
swade

In this, the cause is dangerous.

Pro. Would I had nere been born, then
I had mis'd

The sight and memory of her, and my
Fond errors should have been as much un-
known

As m' uncreated selfe.

Enter Alcesto.

Al. My Lord, your servant gave me en-
trance with

Command that I should speake with you.

Pro. 'Tis true; *Alcesto* y'have a maiden
prisoner,

Call'd *Melora*; 'tis my request that you
Conduct her hither in disguise; though law
Newly proclaim'd, allow no rancome for her,
You shall be paid your own demand.

Alcest. He obey your Lordship, she shall
attend

You straight, what use can he employ her to?

Pros. Come *Calladine*, ease me with thy
counsell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vasco, Trifan, Frivolo, Lelia.

Vas. Is *Lelia* your own prisoner *Trifan*?

Trif. The powerfull purchase of my sword.

Vas. What is she heire to? a brasse thim-
ble, and

A skeane of brown thread? she'l not yeeld
thee in

Algiers above a duckett being strip'd;

And for her clothes they'r fitter for a paper-
mill

Than a Pallace.

Fri. Let her serve your captive widdow:

Vas. Why *Trifan*, that's a yeares wages
for you;

'Tis well thought on; will you serve *Lelia*?

Lel. I hope sir I shall be fit to serve.

Vas. Yes, serve for an Hospitall, when the
fins

Of the Campe are retir'd into your benes;
She's vilely out of Linnen.

Trist. How can I help't?

Vas. Let her make love to a Sexton, and
steale shrowds.

Fri. Trust my knowledge *Vasco*, she's for
thy turne,

Present her to thy widdow, she may wooe
In thy behalf, tolle plum cakes for her Mus-
kadine,

And brush her velvet hood on holy-dayes.

Vas. *Tristan* convey her to her as my gift;

But *Lelia* you must spake notable words

Of mee, first what a godly man I am;

That I get Matrons at a hundred and ten

VVith double Twins, and how in time of
warre

I fill up the muster with mine own Issue.

Lel. Marry sir, heaven forbid.

Vas. D'you heare? this weach has been
villanously

Ill bred; and Ile lay my life

She sings at her work too the holy caroll

O'th Ladies daughter converted in *Paris*;

She was of *Paris* properly, &c.

Trist. Fic *Lelia*, you must now take care,
you are

Not now i'th Campe, but in a civill Common
wealth.

Lel. I shall endeavour sir to learne.

Vas. Nor must you perswade you Mistris
rise

Too early to her beads, she may catch cold,

Having already a pestilent cough,

And so will dye before I marry her.

Lel. I hope I shall not be so mischievous.

Vas. VVell Gentlemen, the fruitfull houre
is now

Dawn neere that gives successe, this morn-
ing must

Expose me to great charge.

Fri. Thou dost not meane

To court her at her window with rare mu-
sicke?

Vas. No, she's very deafe, so that cost
is sav'd.

Fri. What other charge? she hath no teeth
fit for

A dry banquet, and dancing she is past,

Unlesse with churches in an Antimasque.

Vas. I must provide her Culleises, and
Broths

That may stir metall in her, in this case

She is, know my good friends, I find

Her no more fit for the businesse of encrease,

I than I am to be a Nunne.

Trist. Thou wilt take care to trim thy
person.

Vas. I came just now from consultation
with

My Barber, who provides me a large maine,

A lock for the left side, so rarely hung

With Ribbanding of sundry colours fir,

Thoult take it for the Rainebow newly
crisp'd

And trim'd, *Bucephalus* nere wore the like.

Fri. VVhen you have reach'd Sir *Leonels*
Ransome,

And the rich widdows wealth, we are forgot,

Like creatures of *Japan*, things hardly to

Be search'd for in the Map.

Trist. In one short month I shall not know
his name.

Vas. 'Tis then because thou canst not
read, for thou

Shalt find it fairely carv'd on each new
Church

And Hospitall, I meane to build apace,

And have my blew boyes March through
the streets

Two and two, provided for in guided-
Primmers,

And their chops of mutton; go haste to the
widdows,

Present your Damsel, Ile be with you straight;

My captive Knight would speak with me.

Exeunt. Manet Vas.

Enter Leonell.

Leon. I am bold sir to make free use of
your

Most spacious roomes for benefit of aire.

Vas. Sir you are welcome, 'tis a liberty

That I expect, and I joy much your wounds
So prosper in their cure.

Leon. You shew your inclination kind
and noble:

But is there of *Evandra* yet no newes?

You promis'd to enquire whether her flight

Be true, or to what place she made escape.

Vas. No certaintie is known, but all the
Court

Troubled with doubts, shortly you will
heare more.

Leo. If you could bring me fir to *Prospero*,
Or to the Prince, on some affaires that may
Perhaps advantage them, and my own good,
You shall oblige me much to serve you in
My better state of fortunes

Vas. I will endeavor it, and as you find
Me ready to assist all your requests,
I hope fir, youle see cause to pay your ran-
some
With what haste you can, for I would faine be
able

To doe good deeds, & we have many poore
I'th towne that want their charitie, who have
A will as ready as their wealth.

Leon. Believe me you expresse a scule
that hath,

Been bred, and exercis'd in holy thoughts.

Vas. Faith fir not much, only you know a
man

Would joy to doe some good whilst he's a-
live,

For after death our gifts I ever thought
Rather proceeded from a devout necessity,
Than any free desire.

Leon. Tis wisely urg'd.

Vas. It hath been a maxime I have held
long. (shall)

Leo. And it becomes you still; my ranfome
Be suddenly prepar'd.

Vas. I thanke you fir; follow, & Ile procure
You an addresse toth' prince or *Prospero*.

Exit.

Leon. If she were fled, her person is of so
Esteem'd, and eminent a rate, that straight
Her instant residence must needs be known.
There is much art in these affaires; how will
She looke on me, that in so great a cause
Could strike, or yeeld to angry fate? I will
Indure her scorn, as a deserv'd reward,
Nor should a lovers hopes grow cold be-
cause

The Influence that last did governe him,
Was sick, and cold, that destiny is gone,
The firmament containes more starres than
one. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scena 1.

*Enter Leonell and Prospero, (with a
light and a key.)*

Prof. It leads me to behold your strength
so well

Restor'd, and fir, I wish the fortune of
My sword, had met another cause, & enemies,
Your ranfome I have paid, and so much
prize

Evandra's happinesse, that since you make't
Appare your company will render her
Some quietnes, and joy, in this her sad
And solitarie state, you shall both see, and
stay with her.

Leon. From my first infancy I tooke my
speech

And breeding in her fathers court, and by
My neerenes to her, both in deeds and place
I'th day of fight, you may belevee I am
Of qualitie enough to be esteem'd and well-
com'd in her miserie.

Prof. Your valour then did speake you
more than all

The praise your modestie can urge,

Leon. My Lord, it is your gentlenesse to
have

A courteous faith, but I am bold to think
My sight will comfort her so much that she
Will pay you thanks for giving so free trust
Vnto my confidence.

Prof. My kindnes to you I shall reserve
Till happier howers, this fir, is for her sake,
That she may have the benefit of your
Approach, retire a while within, that key
When I am gone, will open you a doore,
That leads unto a cave. — *Exit Leonell.*

Melora? where art thou? this way, the light
Conducts thee; thou art safe.

Enter Melora.

Mel. How darke, & like the dusty hollownes
Of tombes where death inhabits, this ap-
peares?

Prof. Now you shall know the cause why
I have bought

Your liberty, *Evandra*, daughter to
Your *Millain* duke, lyss here imprisond by
The chance of battaile, and thus hidden, and
Reserv'd, till we can free her by disguise.

Melora. O sad discoverie of a sorrow worse
Than I indure, I hop'd she had escap'd.

Prof. I heard that thou wert taken in her
train,

But when the storyes of thy beaurty and
Thy vertues reach'd mine eare, I did belevee
Thou hadst familiar knowledge of her face
And thoughts.

Prof.

Mel. I know too much of her, to think that
Heaven

Could thus permit her languish in a Cave.

Pro. None can resist their destiny;
but good

Melora comfort her, and prethee for
Kind pittie when your conversation shall
Beget some pleasant houre, mention my care,
And then my love; for know, she hath so
wrought

Upon my heart, that trust me I shall melt
Like Tapers overcharg'd with flame, and die;
Wilt thou implore in my behalfe?

Melo. Your bounties have oblig'd me to
performe

My best, else I were cruell fir.

Pro. Feare no surprize, you are secure,
for twice

To day, my house by sterne Authority
Was search'd, but vainly they suspect, and
strive

To find this hidden dwelling, that no art
Can imitate for secrecie and depth.

Mel. will you be gone?

Prof. I'm sent for to the Pallace where
I'm told

I shall endure for this concealment more
Than natures strength can beare, but I've a
soule

Dares welcome it with scorn. *Ent. Evand.*

Mel. Lend me the light; look, there's
Evandra fir.

Pro. It is, remember me, that I may live.

Exit.

Mel. This mingled passion of strange
griefe and joy,

I can no longer quietly containe;

Hail the most beautilous virtue of the world.

Evand. Lov'd *Melora*, what dismall chance,
more than

My sorrow can digest, hath brought thee
here?

Mel. Why am I thought on, or enquir'd
for as

A creature that deserves a life, whilst you
Remaine within the house and armes of
death?

Evand. I feare thou art a captive too.

Mel. Or else the tyranny of war had been
Too much unjust; we're fit you languish thus,
And like to a wanton bird should play

And wing the aire at liberty? and yer
My ranfome's freely paid.

Evand. Then thou art now no prisoner?

Mel. A prisoner to you, or else my heart
Were dull, and rudely mann'd to permit
Evandra suffer here alone; this war
Hath quickly nurc'd strange Riddles too of
love.

Evand. Thou dost complaine with cause,
'tis in the Prince.

Mel. Another of your Enemies; too much
Of leasure I shall have t'acquaint you with
The accident that brought me to your fight;

Enter Leonell.

Evand. *Melora*, who is that?

Mel. Blesse me how miracles increase to
fright

Astonishment! sure there is Magick in
This place; Madam, my Brother *Leonell*.

Leon. Ha *Melora*? art thou here too? such
mysteries

In change so soon arriv'd I have not read.

Evand. But what unheard of star directed
thee

To see, and taste our miserable state?

Leon. Ere I begin the little history
Of the short time that thus hath varied us,
Low as the earth I fall to make you pittifull.

Kneeles.

Forgive the crime of destiny, not me,

That left me feeble as an Aguish girle,

With the faint losse of blood, when I had
tooke

Upon my youth & strength, the noblest cause
That ere employd the anger of a man,

Your liberty; but Leverites, and Doves

Are valianter than I, for else what make

You in captivity?

Evand. Beleeve me fir, your passion is so
great

I understand it not; pray rise, I know

You fought with all the forward will and
might

That humane rage could shew, but the success
Of valour they above dispose, that are
More wise and stronger than our selves.

Leon. Sure I could weep, but that my eyes
Have not enough of funerall dew to melt

Away; fift; pray pardon my neglect,

You'll find I am not conscious to my self.

Mel.

Melora. The time compells distracted thoughts in all.

Evan. There is a banke within, though cold and bare,

Where never flower (in a dispaire of sunne) Durst fix his root, there we will sit, talke and Compare our miseries; then sing like *Philomel*.

That wisely knowes the darknesse only fit For mourning and complaint; leade there the light. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke (with letters) Alvaro, Profpero, Calladine, attendants.

Duk. Evade me not with such fond circumstance,

Fit only to perswade the easinesse Of untaught babes; have I not here receiv'd Her fathers letters, that petition her Release? why should he sooth me thus with low

Demeanour in his phrase, if she were free? Or if not in the towne inclos'd and hid, Where would she sooner fly than to his armes?

Alva. Sir, give my duty boldnes to beleieve If she were here, & some good man (that now Conceales her in his pittious feare) shall to Assuage your wrath deliver her, you would Not marke her out for death?

Duk. No sir, how cheape then, and how fraile will you

Suppose my vov'es? what need we trick, And dresse our Altars with such reverend care

Lets rather straight pervert their use, grease them

With gluttony, and feasts, defile and wash Them with the riots of excessfull wine; Is perjurie the least of guilt you can Perswade me to commit?

Alva. I wish you would allow m' obedience leave

To utter truth; the vow you made was rash, And not confirm'd with oath, or church solemnitie.

Prof. And I am taught the cruelties, or the Revenge we threaten, heaven is pleas'd when they

Are never acted but forgot.

Duke. Her sterne, and deadned father, when we fought

And woo'd his mercy with humility, More than dejected Hermires on their knees Render to Saints, us'd not my brother with Remorse, but snatch'd him from the world in all

His pride of youth, his wife, and ripened thoughts,

When he was fit to rule a nations fate, And exercise mankind in what was bold, And good, then shall I not revenge the best Of all my blood, whilst I have here the chiefe of his.

Alva. Alas, this act sir, was not hirs, nor in The justice of our reason is it possible By derivation or descent to share a guilt.

Prof. Would I had lost the benefit of strength

When I surprizd her, to become the instrumēt

And pleasure of your rage.

Duke. How Count? so bold? heare me thou saucy child

And minion of the war, whom fortune, not Successe from vertue sprung, hath lifted to A pride more dangerous than traytors thoughts,

Though I have search'd thy house, & am de-seated by

Some charme of my discoverie, I still Beleieve thou know'st her residence, & bring Her to my fight, ere yet the Sun decline, or thou shalt die.

Alva. I must not live to see it then, nor can My businesse here on earth, intice me to One minutes stay in my mortality,

When I behold your goodnesse so decayd.

Duke. *Alvaro* was that said like one that knows

His duty to a Father, and a Prince?

Alva. I would be heir unto your vertue sir, As well as to your bloud.

Duke. Have I outliv'd my courage, of-fice, and

My reason too, tamely to suffer this?

I know thy false ambitious cunning well, Thou sain wouldst vex me weary soule away That thou mightst raigne, and triumph ore my tombe;

But heare, and tremble at my vow.

Cal. Sir, for regard of heaven repent what you

Would

Would speak, ere utter'd it become too great
A sin for mercy to excuse.

Duke. No more fond *Calladine*, I am
resolv'd,

Since thou art covetous to own his guilt,
He shall be safe, and thou endure his punish-
ment;

Bring me *Evandra* here ere yet the day
Conceale his light, or the next darkness shall
Eternally be thine.

Alv. If on my knees I can perswade you to
An easier doomes, thus I endeavour it.

Prof. I beg not to entreat your rigor lesse,
But as 'twas first design'd you would convert
It all on me.

Alva. That kindness was ill manner'd *Pro-
spero*;

Dost think thou art more worthy of the
cause

When 'tis to be *Evandra's* Sacrifice?

Duke. Nere strive, thou shalt have suffe-
rance enough,

And gloriously alone; hence from my sight
Thou birth ill gotten, and my marriage stain.

Alva. Ile keep my duty still, though not
your love. *Ex. Alva. & Pro.*

Cal. Dread sir, call back your vow, and
then the Prince,

Yet comfort him; what will the world
esteem

Of such an act as time nere paraleld,
And no Posterity be so unkind as to believe?

Du. Thou maist as well perswade th'assem-
bled winds

From all their violence at Sea; lend me
Thine care — do this, but *Calladine* take
heed

Thy prosecutions are not saint; I have
A younger son in *Sicily*, renown'd

And deare to Fame, him I will strive to plant
I'th peoples hearts; as thou art Loyal follow
me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alvesto, Frivolo, Vasco, (fantasti-
cally accoutred.)*

Vas. Just in the posture as you see me Gen-
tlemen,

Not a haire lesse I'th Lock; and I beleev'd
The heart of woman was not able to

Resist such amorous formes.
Alvest. But she would none!

Vas. Name her the pleasures of the mar-
riage bed,

She cries she is more taken with the grave,
Cause there we are not wak'd with cong h
nor aches.

Alvest. Why sure she knows, for she looks
as she had

Been long buried.

Vas. And then I us'd fine phrases,
And talk'd (what call you it?) of *Hymens*
Tapers,

Which she interprets fir, according to
Some modern D. stresse of her Sect, Hel fire,
A warmth (you know) we Souldiers do
abhor.

Fri. 'Tis base to need it after death;
we have

Been hardly bred, and can endure the cold.
Enter Widow, and Lelia.

Vas. She comes, this is her breathing
roome, use your

Endeavours Gentlemen; tell her, her frowns
Already have so wrought, that my life now
Will nere be fit to come into a Lease.

Wid. *Lelia* a Chaire, I cannot last; 'tis
more

Than 58 yeares since I had hams to trudge.
Vas. I am your Guardian that come to vi-
sit you.

Wid. What need it sir! I practice no escape,
I cannot flye.

Vas. No? were the window open
You would behave your selfe as nimbly on

Your wings as any witch in *Europe*.
Wid. What saies he *Lelia*, a witch?

Lel. He saies we must one day all flye up-
ward,

Heaven is the place we wish for.
Wid. 'Tis well said sir, for thither we
must go,

Both old and young, no remedy.
Vas. As soone as you please if you'l but
marry me.

Wid. Does he talk of marriage?
Lel. He saies, if you please forsooth.

Wid. Alas my vow of widowhood is not yet
Expir'd; if he comes some ten yeares
hence —

Alvest. About that time she'l make a good
wife

For an Antiquary to get Records on.
Fri. Although her skin be Parchment, 'tis
not large

C

Enough

Enough to write her Annals in, sh'ath liv'd
so long already.

Vas. How did you like the culleise widow that I sent you last?

Wid. Why fir? It went down.

Vas. Though the Sea were turn'd to plum-broth, 't would all down;

I have measur'd her throat, 'tis wider ('gent.)
And deeper than a well; alas the Duke
Considers not my charge, I'd rather boord
Too Young Giants, and allow each of them
A wolfe in stead of a dog t'eat their fragments.

Al. Thou shouldst get her mouth search'd,
I'll lay my life

Sh'ath new furnish'd her gummies with artificial teeth,

She could not grinde so else.

Priv. Though you must feede her at your owne cost, the proclamation

Beleeve me allows none but naturall teeth.

Vas. When she is once i'th fit of swallowing,

If a capon float in her broth, why she
Considers it no more than a small bee, or a May fly.

Lelia. You should beare up, you are too backward fir.

Vas. Sayst thou so wench; widow prepare your selfe,

For I must marry you to night, or else

You fast to morrow; if the Duke will not

Afford us fasting dayes, I shall make bold

To borrow 'em o'th Kalender; this night;
No longer time to delay a good deed.

Wid. Vh, uh, uh.

Ahest. This cough (*Vasco*) is of some great antiquity.

How wilt thou sleep by her?

Priv. A little *Opium* after supper, and let her cough like a

Cannon from a fort, I'll free thee from waking.

Vas. Come, come, provide; trimme up your hood widow,

And ayre your perrycoates i'th sunne, it is

A case of conscience Gent. we must

All marry, and live chaste.

Wid. Why fir, if we must needs.

Ahest. I thought she would consent; good heavens it is

As towards an old thing. Deare *Vasco*,
Provide us musick, wee'l dance her to death:
Thou shalt be her husband ere night, and her
Executor before morning.

Vas. Sooth Gent. that's all I desire;
Any thing, that is reason contents me. (*is*)

Priv. Go, kisse her, by this hand a Brownist
More amorous; a notch'd prentice a very

Aresine in comparison of thee. (*Vasco*)

Vas. By your leave widow. (*kisses her.*)

Wid. Much good may't do you fir; these comforts come

But seldome after fourescore; the world
(indeed)

Is grown so wicked that we never thinke
Of comforting one another.

Lel. I told you she would soften fir; alas,
A little raw, and modest at the first.

Ahest. A very green pippin of the last
yeares growth.

Vas. You shall finde me a kind of sparrow
widow,

A barley corne does as much as a poratce.

Wid. Blessing on your heart fir, we should
doe good

Freely (as they say) without egging on.

Vas. Rise, and stir your feet, 'tis health-
full for you. *They lift her up.*

There — softly, — so —

Ahest. If one of the haire of my eyebrow
lye

But in her way, she's gone, and falls like an
Elephant, whose leggs are cut with a chaine
shot.

Priv. Her *Os Sacrum* needs a little Prop.

Vas. Why Gentlemen, ther's nere a wench
in Italy

Moves farther in a day, provide her litter
But easie, and her two mules well fed.

Courage widow; how is it now?

Wid. A certaine stitch fir in my side, but
t'will away in time.

Vas. I you are young enough,
But given too much to hoyting, and to bar-
ly breakes,

Then dance naked till you take cold; good
faith

You must looke too't *Lelia*, take heed you
aire

Her wedding smock.

Ahest. Let it be made of Catts-skin farre:
Priv.

Frivo. Or a warch-mans rugge gowne, but
that herskin
Will weare it out too soone.

Vas. *Frivolo*, yo' are too lowde.

Frivo. I warrant thee I have measured her
cares,

She heares in distançe but an inch length.

Vas. You'l in, and set the house in order
widow? Ple fetch a priest.

Wid. Truly sir, I'd faine aske my friends
advice,

One that hath seen but little of the world
Would be glad you know of counsell.

Vas. No counsell widdow, nay, if you
want metall

Let them call't rashnesse, our youth will ex-
cuse all.

Wid. VVell Sir, you know where marria-
ges are made,

'Tis not my fault; *Lelia*, provide a broome
And sweepe away the shume neere the green
Couch;

And (d'you heare) look for one of my cheek
teeth

That dropt under the wanscore bed.

Lel. And shall I stop't forsooth with salt?

Wid. I, and fling't 'ich fire; you are weary
sir?

Vas. No: quite so lusty (widow) as your
selfe,

But shall keepe pace the journey being so
short. *Enter Aheft.*

Al. Quick, in with her *Vasco*, whilst the fit
holds. *Exeunt Widow, Vas. Lel.*

*With cable and thong he drew her along,
so heavily to the Priest,
And vow'd to undoe her, ere he did wooe her,
make her up after who list.*

Frivo. Ah Rogue, thou art a very Larke
in the morning.

Aheft. And what at night *Frivolo*?

Frivo. A very owle.

Aheft. Thou art a coxcombe, beyond all
redemption

Of wit, lesse thou straight resolve to marry
Lelia;

Thy friends will think the match so fit, none
shall

Forbid the banes; I knew her mother too:

She's wondrous rich in pewter, small wine
caske,

And spits.

Friv. Yes; I have heard o'th wealthy
Dowager,

She kept a tharch'd Nunnery in my quarters.

Enter Tristan.

Trist. Wher's *Vasco* Gentlemen? I am in
haste.

Aheft. Why then for more dispatch an-
swer you selfe.

Trist. The Duke hath sent for him, by
Calladine,

Who told me 'twas for busines of import;

The Court is all disturb'd, but for what use
He is design'd, I cannot learne; where is he?

Aheft. Follow, wee'l convey thee to him;
strange luck;

Sir *Leonell*'s ransom, this widowes wealth,
And now imployd at Court? *Vasco* th'art a
gon man,

Vfury, furr'd gowns, long dinners, and short
sleepes,

Thou art condemn'd to without help, or hope.
Exeunt.

*Enter Evandra, Melora, Leonell, (at one dore)
at the other Prospero, (muffled and hid)*

*A Table and lights set out, Evan-
dra sits to read.*

Leo. Sister, where is your tenderesse?
shall I

Be ever lost through your defect of will
And courage to present me to her care

In winning characters? tell her how long
VVith servencie I have pursued my love.

Melo. Vnhappy *Leonell*, why dost thou
tempt

Me with impossible desires? how oft
Have I solicited thy sure with a

Repulse? and she hath charm'd me by a vow
Never to mention't more, till her release.

Prof. False *Leonell*, did I for this assist

Thee to enjoy her lov'd societie,
That thou shouldst rivall me, and have more

fit

Convenience for thy wishes than me self?
Melora is his sister too, what strange

New chances have these later howers pro-
duc'd?

I have no Advocate, nor am I bold
Enough to be mine owne.

Leon. I see you love me not;
And since I am a trouble to your sight,
Ere long thou shalt behold my face no
more.

Pro. Thou art a Prophet to thy self, and I
Thy Priest to cut thee out in Sacrifice,
Although unworthy of *Evandras* deity.

Leon. *Melora*, can you shew no kind re-
mourse?

Mel. Alas, you do mistake my power and
will;

Think on some other beauty, for the world
Hath many that may make you fortunate.

Leon. None but *Evandra* governs in my
breast.

Pro. Her thou shalt nere enjoy; lend me
thine care — *(Leads him)*

Leon. Ha! *Prospero*? *(aside.)*

Pro. False Knight; was this the cause
That made thee beg conceal'd admittance
here

To practise love where I had planted mine?

Leon. My Lord I understood not of your
love.

Pro. If thou art bold, and since thy van-
quishment

Durst tempt a second hazard of my sword,
Go waite me on the garden mount, there I
Will order, though my heart is doubtfull to
Enjoy *Evandras* love, thine never shall.

Leon. I will expect thee there, and fierce-
ly long

To ravish from thy crest the honour that
I lent thee in our former fight. *Exit.*

Enter Alvaro.

Alva. *Evandras*, reach me thy faire hand
that I

Scale on it my last farewell.

Evand. Ha, whither do you go?

Alva. Where shadows vanish when the
worlds eye wincks;

Behind a cloud, and they are scene no more;
The place of absence where we meet (by all
The guesse of learned thought) we know not
whom,

Only a prompt delight we have in faith
Gives us the easie comfort of a hope,
That our necessitie must rather praise than
seare as false.

Evand. O horrid mystery! my tender sen-
sles are amaz'd; I faine

Would learne what it is dangerous to know.

Mel. Why do the stars neglect us thus?
why should

VVe lose the noblest and the best of men?

Pro. Me thinks my spirits climbe and list
me to

A valiant envy of his sufferings.

Alva. That thou mayest live here safe till
Prospero

Restore thee unto liberty and light,
I must to darknesse go, hover in clouds,
Or in remore untroubled aire, silent.

As thoughts, or what is uncreated yet:

Or I must rest in some cold shade where is
No flowy spring, nor everlasting growth,
To ravish us with sent, and shew, as our
Philosophy hath dreamt, and rather seems
To wish than understand.

Evand. All this for me; you shall not dye;
why will

You lay so cheape a value on your selfe,
To think the world should lose you for my
sake.

Alas, a needlesse trivial! Virgin that
Can never shew in hopefull promise halfe
That excellence which you reveale in art?

Alv. It is decreed; *Evandra* thou mayst
live

T'increase the small example we have I-se
Of vertue, which hath made thy breast her
throne;

Time hath begun to weare away my youth,
And all the good I can performe is to
Preserve the future hope of it in thee.

Evand. *Melora*, help, sorrow hath filld my
heart

With such a heaviness, that I must sink
Beneath its weight — here let me lye, and
mourne,

And chide that haughty destiny that thinks
Us so unworthy of their care.

Mel. My Lord the Prince, Is it no lesse
than death

Of her or you, can ease your Fathers wrath?

Alv. The doome is past, and the sad houre
will want

No wings to hasten its approach; come hi-
ther *Prospero*.

Pro. It must not be; though I want phrase
to shew

My nature smooth, it shall appeare in deeds.
Alv.

Alv. I charge thee by our love, by all my care

That bred thee from thy childhood to a sense
Of honour, and the worthiest feates of war,
Thou keep *Evandra* safe till happier daies
Conspire to give her liberty, use her
With such respective holiness as thou
Wouldst do the reliques of a Saint inshrind,
And teach thy rougher manners tenderneſſe
Enough to merit her society.

Pro. What need this conjuration sir? I meane

To dye for her, that I may save your life;
A brave design, dissuade me not, though I
Faile oft in choice of fitting enterprize,
I know this is becoming sir, and good.

Alva. Thou dye for her? alas poore *Prospero*

That will not satisfie, the shaft aimes here,
Or if it wou'd, I do not like thou shouldst
Thus presse into a cause that I reserve
To dignifie my selfe; urge it no more.

Prof. VVhat am I fit for then, if not to die.

Eva. How am I worthy of this noble strife?

Alva. *Evandra* rise, that I may see some hope

And comfort in thy strength, before I take
My everlasting leave.

Evan. You have the voyce of death already sir.

Mel. Dismall it sounds, like the last groane
which men

In torture breath out with their soule.

Alva. I could have wish'd I might enjoy
thee and

Be mortall still, mix in a love that should
Produce such noble vertues as would soone
Entice the Age's to live here, yet not
B'our conversation grow impair'd; but these
Are wishes made too high, and late to thrive.
For evermore farewell. —

Evan. O sir, where wil you leave me then?

Alva. How pittie moistens me? there in
the Cave.

Evan. It is the mansion Sir of death,
something
Horrid as midnight thoughts can forme so
frights

Me still, I tremble when I enter it.

Alva. Ha! what that is but humane dares
disturbe thy quietneſſe?

Pro. Sir let me see, it dies if it be vulnerable.

Alva. Still you usurpe my Businesse *Prospero* —

Bide there, I will go down my selfe.

Evan. Sir, 'twill not presently appeare.

Alva. I will attend its saucy leasure then.
(descends the Cave.)

Evan. Lock safe the doore *Melora* with
this Key.

Pro. VVhat's your designe? meane you
t'imprison him?

Evan. Discover (*Prospero*) the inside of
thy breast; dost thou affect the Prince?

Pro. Next to the absent blessings that our
faith

Perfwades us to, eternity of joyes.

Evan. VVhy then wilt thou permit that
he should taste

A long forgetfulnesse in a darke grave?

Let us invent some way to ease him of

This penance undelev'd, and suffer it our
selves.

Mel. O glorious maid! th's goodnessse
will confer

A dignity for ever on our Sexe.

Pro. I'm strangely taken with this virgins
thoughts,

Let me embrace your hand upon my knee —
I thank you much, you have some mercy on

My dull unknowing youth, and can believe
Me fit for noble enterprize, though he

Unkindly did deny my sute: Ile to
The Duke and tempt his fury till he cause

My death, perhaps when his revenge hath
quench'd

Her thirst with my warm blood, it may grow
col'd,

And kindly temperd to you both,

And then I've fully satisfied the crime

Of your captivity, and his free sufferance.

Mel. This Souldier hath a great and da-
ring heart.

Pro. But how shall I enjoy her then? I
scarce

Can understand the happinesse it beares:

'Tis odd ambition this, but yet 'tis brave,
Ile do't: besides, though I'm not learn'd to

know

VVith cerraainty, yet I have hope I shall

Be sensible of all her visits to

My tombe, and ev'ry flower she strewes will there

Take growth as on my garden banks, whilst I
(Delighted spirit) walke and hover 'bout
Their leaves, comparing still their sent with
hers;

O will be wondrous brave! Lady, dispatch,
That I may goe, and die.

Evan. Since you expresse your will, so
kinde, and violent,

That small provision there allotted to
Sustaine my life, reach up, and straight con-
vay

Into the cave, that he may finde it out,
And not exchange the paine his father
would

Inflit, for famishment.

Prof. takes from behind the Arras a bottle
and bag, they open the Cave.

Prof. I had almost forgot false *Leonell*,
He waits me on the mount, I will be with
Him straight, and end his hopes by a long
sleep

Ere I begin mine owne. (*Descends the Cave.*)

Evan. Once more *Melora* lock the doore;
now they

Are both secure, tis thou and I that must
Take solemne leave, and never meete in this
Our beauty, colour, or our warmth agen.

Melo. I am astonish'd at her excellence,
And scarce have humble grace enough to
keepe

Ambitious envy from my thought.

Evan. Why should these mighty spirits
lay so vast

An obligation on our sex, and leave
Eternall blushes on our soules, 'cause we
In acts of kinder pittie, and remorse
(The vertues sure, wherein we most excell)
Durst not adventure like to them?

Melo. The Prince deserves a liberall choice
of lives

To ranome his; would mine would satifie.

Evan. How *Melora*? I cannot thinke thou
dost

So faintly love my happinesse, and my
Renowne, to wish to hinder me of both.

Melo. Alas, th'exemple is so good, I faine
would follow it.

Evan. But there is reason that I suffer first.

I have a mourning weed within which thou
Shalt dresse, and teach me weare, then so
Apparelled like my cause, I'll walke to the
Duke.

Melo. O leave me not behind, let me ac-
company

Your mourning too, perhaps my death may
be
Accepted best, and you bee thought more fit
to live.

Evan. Thy inclinations have a noble sence;
Thou shalt along; go, call thy brother in,
And call aloud, this hollownesse is such
He will not heare thee else.

Mel. Ho, *Leonell*? my brother *Leonell*.

Enter Leonell

Leo. Tis strange, this *Prospero* appears not
yet,

Sure he is faint, and's aguish courage comes
To him by fits; what is your will?

Evan. If thou dost love me *Leonell* (as thou
Hast sworn, and with assertions most devout)
I know there is no strict command I can
Present, but thy obedience will performe.

Leo. Bring me to triall straight, if I prove
weake

O false, I am unworthy to appeare
In the suns light, or evermore enjoy
The better influence of your eyes.

Evan. Give me confirm'd assurance on
your knee

That you will execute with reall faith,
And punctuall circumstance, what I in jone.

Leo. Let me salute your hand, I breath on
it my vow.

Evan. Now Ile informe thee *Leonell*; the
Prince

And *Prospero* are both within the cave,
Shut and inclos'd by us, where hourly thou
Through a small slender wicket shalt convey
Such food, as a disguised servant of
The house (who heretofore provided our
Reliefe) shal helpe thee to take here this key
And not permit their passage forth, till I
Am gone t'ordaine by death their liberty
Secure, which I will suffer to appease the
angry Duke.

Leo. Furies and Fiends cease on my senses
straight;

What have I promis'd in the rashnes of
My dull and inconsiderate love?

Evan.

Evan. If thou dost break thy vow the curses of
The Saints, and mine (which dying will not
least

Afflict thy perjury) fall on thy heart.

Mel. Never be call'd my brother, nor
assume

The honour of my valiant Fathers name.

Evan. *Melora* Come, we are too slow in
such

An act as will outlive all history. *Ex. Evan.*
and Mel.

Leon. O what a dull inhumane Lover am
I grown! that simply by a forward and
Unskilfull duty can consent the *Queene*
And Lady of my life should be a Sacrifice
To hinder others dearks? this sure is such
A great example of a female fortitude
As must undo all men, and blushing make
Us steal from our unjust advancement ore
The world; tear off our sawcy beards before
The scatt'ring winds that give us the preho-
minence

Of Sexe; when this is known let women
sway

Counsels, and war, whilst feeble men obey.

Exit.

Act. 4. Scena. 1.

Enter Calladine (in a night Gowne,) and a Servant.

Cal. A Lady sayst thou in a mourning
Vest?

What should this rarely visit me, ere yet
By full appearance of the Sun we can
Distinguish day from night?

Ser. Sir, she importunes much to speak
with you,

Saies her affaire asks secrecy and haste.

Cal. Retire a while without, and let her in.
Exit Ser.

*Enter Melora (in mourning) (Se un-
certain)*

Since first my eyes had judgement to dis-
cerne

A meane from excellences, they nere beheld
A beauty so ore-coming and exact;

What are the lov'd commands you'd lay on
me?

I not remember that I ever saw

A face I would more willingly obey;

If it were civill too I'd aske your name.

Mel. Beleeve me gentle Sir when that is
known

You'll think me too unfortunate to live;
I am call'd *Evandra*.

Cal. Ha! the Princess! wisely did *Prospero*
Preserve thee from my sight, thy beauty is

Too great and dangerous for youth to know
And be secure; though I nere saw her till

This blessed houre, yet Fame assisted me

To imagine an Idea like her selfe;

But why have you forsaken your conceal'd

Aboard, and thus adventure into th' view

Of men? I feare it is not safe.

Mel. 'Tis to employ your vestrue fir; I
know

You love the Prince, though not with so de-
vout

A heart as mine; for that I may restore

Him unto liberty, and's Fathers love,

I here present my selfe to cruell death.

Cal. This is a valiant piety, a gratitude
That shews her mind more noble than her

shape;
She is not known unto the Duke more than

By guessing Characters tane from report;
She must not dye; though lately his com-
mands

Have singled my allegiance out, it is
Religious sure to faile in this.

Mel. Sir, expectation of the ills we must
Endure do more perplex us than the paine

It selfe. I crave you'd not protract my suffe-
rance.

Cal. My thoughts have fashion'd it unto
my wish;

Is there not a captive call'd *Melora*,
(Most beautifull and young) that hath of
late

Familiar been to your society?

Mel. I feare you hath discover'd me;
D'you know the Lady sir?

Cal. Only by *Prospero's* report, and I
In charity desire her person safe;

Your death alone will satisfie the Duke;

Mel. My prayers have much endeavor'd
that it may;

And Sir I assist your kind humanity
Receive this key, 'twill give you entrance
where

She

She now remains a prisoner by my art;
It is a narrow Closet that ore-looks
The Orchard grove; you know the house,
'tis *Prospero's*.

Cal. I am familiar there with all the vaults,
And hidden passages.

Mel. Sir, for regard of honour suffer not
Her freedome from that place, till I am dead,
For she's so much delighted with this cause,
That with unwilling falshood I was faine
To take advantage of her orizont,
And whilst she kneeling lengthned her dis-
course

(and
With heaven, steale on this funerall habit,
In haste close up the dore to hinder her
Pursute, where now she stays lamenting her
Inforc'd secure estate, and envying of
This danger which I chearefully embrace.

Cal. My life shall warrant hers, be pleas'd
to enter there,

And stay till I informe the Duke of your ap-
pearance and approach.

Mel. Most willingly; but still fir I implore
your mercy would

Secure that Lady, and the Prince, how ere
The angry stars provide for me.

Cal. It is no lesse unkind t'importune than
To doubt my care; there Lady, through that
dore—

Expect my sad returne will be too soone.

Mel. Forgive me best *Evandra*; that I thus
Assume thy name, and have beguil'd thee of
So brave a death, the motive that perswades
me to't

Did not become thy knowledge nor my
tongue. *Exit*

Cal. This Princeesse hath a soule I could
adore

Whilst it remains eclips'd on earth, nor
shall

It yet reach heaven; both being utterly
Vnknowne, will make the p^{re}sent with easy help

Succeed. *Melora* straight I will present
T'appeale the fury of the Duke, and then

This Lady and the Prince are free; through
blood

Is the best issue of our hopes; if fate
Ordaine it thus, I shall prove fortunate.

Enter Friuolo, Trifan, Musfirians, and Boy:

Alriss. Come boy, list up your voyce to
yon bay window,

Sing the Song I gave you last night, and firke
Your fiddles bravely too, beare up the bur-
then.

Boy. No morning red, and blushing faires,
be through your glass, or curtaines spyd,
But cloudy gray, as the short hayres,
of your old everlasting Bride.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, i'th nonage of
Time,

Ere Adam wore beard, she was in her
Prime.

Boy. Whose swarthy, dry'd westphalia hipps,
are shrunk to mummie in her skin,
Whose gummies are empty, and her lipps,
like eyelids hairy and as thin.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. For Am'rous sighs which virgins use,
she coughs aloud from lungs decayd,
And with her palsey cannot chuse
but shake, like th^e trembling of a maid.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. And when her nightly labour swells,
to vast extent, her pregnant wombe,
Midwives believe, that is foretells,
a hopefull Timpany to come.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Boy. What need her husband then vex heaven,
and for a plenteous off-spring begge,
Since all the Issue can be given,
is that which runneth in her legge.

Chor. So old, so wondrous old, &c.

Alriss. Good morrow to the right worship-
full leader Captaine *Vasco*,
And to's his right reverend Bride.

Now gentlemen scrapers you may be gone:
Ex. Musick.

Enter Vasco (dressing himselfe.)
Vas. My good friends, a certaine salt shower
should have

Season'd your feathers, had not my luck bin
To marrie with one that consumes all her
moysture

In thume, a meere Egyptian cloud for
drowth.

Alriss. But why so soone abroad? *Vasco* are
thele

A Bridegroomes howres? thou art as early up
As creditors i'th Terme.

Fri. Or Sergeants when
The needy gallant meanes to steale a journey.

Triſt. And they prevent it by arresting
his innocent horse.

Vas. Businesse at Court; but Gentlemen
this is

A resurrection to me, beleev't
I'm risen from the dead, from bones more
dusty

Than theirs that did begin their sleep be-
neath

A marble Coverlet some thousand yeares
ago.

Enter Widow, and Lelia.

Alteſt. 'Las poore *Vasco*! widdows can
strangely mortifie.

Wid. Put Dates and Amber in the Gruell
Lelia,

And let it boyle long.

Lel. And shal I make the Poultice straight,
and send

Your other hood forsooth to be new lin'd?

Wid. First stay till you have ript my vel-
vet musse,

Ille have that lining serve.

Vas. She's risen too, pure foules,
Devotion and Aches keep her still waking.

Wid. How do you Sir? we must comfort
one another.

Vas. There is need of'r, no Marriner ere
had

A worse night in a storme.

Alteſt. This usage *Vasco* will hardly mollifie
Her Iron Chest, and make her bags open.

Vas. Nay, I've tane order for her wealth
if she

Would be so courteous now to dy.

Alteſt. Beleeve me, you'l find her very
obstinate

Touching that point; 'tis true, a woman
that

Had the least dramme of kindnesse or of
reason

Would for her husbands benefite depart

This transitory at a minutes warning,
Make a low courtisie, take her leave and dy,

(*She listens.*)

With lesse noise than flies forsake us in a
frost.

Vas. I, you speake of kind reasonable
women,

Alas she's of another mould; she'd think't
A strange request if I should urge it to her,
Though it be evidently for my good.

Fri. What is't for her to dye once? alas,
She knows well she hath eight lives more to
come.

Alteſt. *Privolo* saies right. I think Captaine
'twere fit

You make a motion to her; see how 'twill
worke.

Vas. Never Gentlemen; if her own good
nature

Will not perswade her to'r, let her e'ne live
Till she be thought so much a Ghost, that the
state

Command her take a house in a Church-
yard,

And never walke but at midnight.

Wid. What do they say *Lelia*?

Lel. Forsooth devising for your worships
good.

Wid. Kind heart! me thinks you are not
merry Sir.

Vas. Who, I? as joviall as a condemn'd
man I.

Wid. Will you sit down and eat a little
broth?

Vas. I shall be cawdled like a Haberdashers wife

That lies inn of her first child; but methinks
Upon a stricter view you look not well,

Your bloud absents it selfe, are you not faint?

Alteſt. I, and her eyes shrinke, and retire
into

Their melancholly cells; your breath smells
somewhat

Of earth too, but 'tis not much.

Fri. By'r lady but take heed, my Grandam
thus

Was taken spinning at her wheele, and dy'd
So quickly (as they say) as one would wish.

Triſt. I've seene a Coarse look better in a
shrowe.

If you have any businesse now with heaven
'Twere fit your prayers were short, for I

much feare
You'l nor have breath enough to utter it.

Wid. 'Tis more than I feele; look I fo ill
Lelia?

Lel. As you were wont forsooth, most strange and ugly.

Wid. Come, leade me in: pray husband do not grieve,

'Tis but a fit that ever takes me once.

In fifty yeares: but weepe not, 'twill away.

Vas. Every reare shall be as big as a turnip
When I weepe; the good pox comfort you,
Wench

Follow the game close, still breath death to her.

Lel. Warrant you sir, I cannot do a better Deed than put her in mind still of her end.

Exit Widow and Lelia.

Vas. Marry a widow, and be coffin'd up
VVith clouts and a skelliton? by this day,
I lay last night lock'd in surgeons box;
Compard unto her bed, a Apothecaries bing
Is a Venerian cownch, and Canopie.

Alte. Those that seek gold, must dig for it in mines.

Vas. VVell my camp-companions, what thinke you now

O'th court? I am sent for thither to take charge

Of what is yet the moicic of a miracle:
But you are all content to thrive, to jet
And strut like lustfull Turkeys with your
plumes spread.

Alte. 'Tis not amisse; my good Lord
Privile,

I kisse your soft hands; noble sir keepe on
Your Cordovan, I sweare your glove is a
Preferment, 'bove the merit of my lips.

Fri. You cherish my ambition sir—signieur
Tristan? your profess'd slave: I pray keepe
on

Your way, I'd rather build another wall
Than to dishonor you by taking this.

Trist. Beleeve it sir, both hands must be
cut off

Ere I mistake to place you neere the lef.

Vas. This practise will do well, follow a-
pace,

I must with speed to Caladine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Evandra, Caladine.

Evan. 'Tis strange, it seemes he knowes me
not, and that

The fally, kind *Melora* weares my name
He speakes as if her life he rendred more
Than mine, 't is a mistake I faiae would che-
rish.

Cal. I did not thinke the stock of nature
could,

In this her colder age, be rich enough
To store the world with two such beauries
that

Together take their growth, and flourishing,
And this unto my instant judgement seemes
(If such amazing formes admit of disfe-
rence)

The more exact, but that the blood & stile
Of Princeps makes the other claime our reve-
rence

As well as love, and for *Alvaro's* sake, I wish
I could procure that she might live.

Evan. I have consider'd what you told me
sir,

And though the Princeesse through a fond ex-
cess

Of love, would hasten a calamity
That all the world must grieve and wonder
at,

Yet I could give her reason an excuse,
For I my selfe to ease her sufferance
Could willingly indure the same.

Cal. It ripens more, and swifter than my
hopes.

Designe; you reach at an ambition Lady,
So great and good, my wonder interrupts
My language still, I cannot prais't enough.
Can such a vertuous courage dwell in your
sex?

Evan. If you uprightly love her and the
Prince,

(Whose care she is) straight leade me to
the Duke,

And try how reall my professions are.

Cal. Forgive the office you invite me to,
Which by the hopes of my religion could
My life excuse, I should esteem't too cheape
An offering; this, Lady, is the fatal way—

Evan. *Melora's* now my fortune is above
Thy art, and I shall equal thee in love.

Exeunt.

*Enter Duke (with Letters) Vasco, Altesto,
Privile, Tristan, Attendants.*

Duke. Again in low petitionarie stile
He begs me by these letters to release
His daughter, and doth proffer summes so
vaste

To ransom her, as would overcome the co-
verous:

But

But I have sent him such deniall, with
Disdaine, as must distract and breake his
heart.

Vasco, you've heard how ill I am obeyd
By these perfum'd smooth traitors of the
Court,

And I have chosen you to show a duty
Fitting the stricter discipline of warre,
To aduate all my wil with instant diligence.

Vas. You must injoyne me fir commands
that are

Most horrid, and unnaturall, when I
Prove slow, or faint to execute. (become

Duke. If these your officers and friends
Disloyall to your will, you may provide
The rack and tortures to inforce em too't.

Va. If their own appetites wil not perswade.
There is small hope from punishment.

Marke sir, that whey-fac'd fellow in the red,
The Rack is his delight, and gives him as
Much ease, as when he's stretch'd with la-
zinessse

And a coole mornings sleepe.

Duke. Is't possible? (thrice,

Vas. I've seene him suffer the Strapado
Hang in this politiquie posture in the ayre,
As he were studying to circumvent nature,
And no sooner downe but calls for a wench.

Duke. I know you have the skill to govern
them.

Be sure that *Prospero's* house be diggd untill
The pinacles and the foundations meet.

Vnlesse they deale by sorcery and tharmes,
I'll finde these buried lovers out; and my
Falsse sonne the Prince, that covets darkenes
more

Than blessed light, or my respect.

Vas. I doe not like this businesse should
concerne (out
The Prince; although the rack be somewhat
Of season with my old bones, for his sake

Enter Melora and Servant.

I shall become a parcell traytor too.

Mel. I heard that *Caladine* delaying his
Returne so long, might frustrate all my glory;
And how *Evandra's* skill might worke with
him

Was dangerous. I doe not see her here.

Ser. Pray heaven my Master do not check
my forwardnesse

T'obey your will; he meant you should keepe
home.

Melo. My presence here will make his be-
nefit;

I told thee so before; trust my excuse in thy
behalf.

Duk. What Ladye's that?

Melo. One that to pleasure you with a re-
venge,

Present my selfe to execution, with
As liberall joy, as to the marriage priest.

And when I name my selfe *Evandra*, you
Will know enough to satisfie your wrath.

Duke. Is the belov'd Bird flown from the
darke cage?

Their magick was not strong enough to hin-
der destinie,

And you will find small am'rous pittie in
My frozen age. My guard ceaze on her
straight.

Enter a Guard, and bind her.

Ahest. Vasco, this is *Melora* my prisoner.

Vas. Peace Devill, peace, thou wilt de-
stroy brave mysteries.

A noble girle; I conceive all; now would
My gracious widow be burnt to char-coale
Ere she had braine, or nature for a plot
Like this; I could eat her; and her cloathes
too,

By this hand, her very shooes were a rare
messe.

Melo. Yf you expect to find me here a
lowly sutor,

Tis but to hasten fir your glad content
With a dispatch upon my life, and that
The Prince may be ton'd unt oycur
love.

Duke. Her spirit seemes to stir my man-
hood more

Than it astonisheth my sence. I am
Resolv'd to farther your desires (brave
dame)

With all the helpe of cruelty and haste.

Enter Caladine and Evandra.

Cal. Death slaves, what make you here?
the Princesse too?

Why did you give her liberty?

Serv. She told me sir, it was with your
consent.

Cal. She hath ore'reach'd my skill, I am
undone. (back

Duke. Stay *Caladine*, another prize? come
And render me that Ladies name.

D 2

Evan. He

Evan. He knows it not ; my name's *Evan-*
dra fir.

Mel. I feare I am depriv'd of my intent.

Duke. We must to *Delphos* sure t'untie
these doubts

And wonders with an Oracle.

Evan. Do not beleieve that Lady fir, she hath
Beguil'd me of my name, and is so fick
And fond with an improper love, she would
Betray her self unto a paine ; she knows
Not how to merit nor endure like me.

Mel. O Sir, I find her language is most
apt

And powerfull to perswade, but let your
faith

Consider my assertions too.

Evan. Why dost thou let thy kindnesse
wrong we thus,

Undoing thy Religion with thy love?

Mel. 'Tis you confer the Injury, that will
Not suffer me to dye in peace.

Vas. Rare wenches both ; all this is for the
Prince.

Duke. Though small inquiry would dis-
cover soone

Who justifies the truth, yet I will end
The difference so as shall afford you equal
joy,

And not endanger a mistake in me ;
Convey them to the Fort, they shall both
die. *(The Guard laies hold on them.)*

Vas. Hath this Duke buried all his good-
nesse in's

Revenge ? sure he is libd, he hath certainly
No masculine businesse about him.

Duke. Lead them away.

Cal. Ile follow too, and mourne the ob-
sequy

Ere ceremonious death make it compleat.

Mel. Forgive this emulation *(Madam)*
you

Shall know a cause that will invite you to't.

Evan. Poore *Melora* ! I pittie not my self
but thee

(Exeunt Cal. Evan. Mel. and Guard.)

Duke. Now let my Son, and's Minion
Prospero

(Rebellious as himself) resign toth' Fiends
Their dark and hidden tenements again,
Come forth free and secure, for since they
valued death

As a delight they shall not suffer it ;
Go straight proclame their next appearance
safe ;

For it wil pleasure me they should stand by
To see, and not be able to resist, the justice of
revenge.

Vas. Sure revenge is a strange kind of Le-
chery ;

How it hath alterd him !

Duke. *Vasco*, now the enchanted house
may stand ;

But be you here to morrow with some
strength

To guard their execution from impediments
Of rage, or pittie ; they shall suffer early.

Exit.

Vas. I thank your grace for any employ-
ment.

Alcest. art thou a rogue ?

Alcest. A little *(Sir)* infected with your
company.

Vas. Art thou so very a rogue, if I com-
mand

Thee from the Duke, to cut off these Ladies
heads,

Thou'lt whet the Axe thy self, and do'st
with the

Dexterity of a Flemming ?

Alcest. I will see thy head in a leatherne
case first,

Kick in a footthall-match from gole to gole.

Vas. Why I thank thee ; what say you
Frivolo,

Wenches and Surgeons have cost you deare,
Have you remorse enough to d'st ?

Fri. I've a mind rather to rebell, break
shops

Open, and make choice of my silks, without
Taking notice *(fir)* of the Mercers book.

Trist Such whosome busnesse would more
take me too

Than cutting off poore Ladies heads, unless
Your faire widow *(Vasco)* come in my reach,

I could behead her for her left eare-ring,
Though it be but an Agat set in Cepper.

Vas. Come let's to bed ; the Sun to mor-
row will

Rise black, or I shall think him a dull insen-
sible

Planet, and deserves no more adoration than
a farthing candle.

Exeunt.

Enter.

Enter Leonell, Alvaro, Prospero.

Leon. Sir, you have heard how she be-
traid me to

A Vow, and with what cruell menacings
My Sister and her self petition heaven
To assist their curses in a punishment
Upon my after-life, if I were perjur'd by
A breach of what my promise did assure.

Alva. It was a vow no lesse unkind than
rare,

T'imprison us that had no cause nor will
To do a noble stranger injury;
But I have learn'd a tame Philosophy,
Perswades me to forgive all but my selfe.

Pro. How comes the date of your strict
vow expir'd,

And that you now afford us liberty?
Which if my memory be just, you said
She did enjoyne you should not be, ere she
Was gone to suffer death.

Leon. Sir, she is gone, my Sister too; one
that

Attends by your command these hidden
walks

In breathlesse haste just now distill'd the poi-
sonous news

Through my sick eare.

Alva. Gone? and to dye? adorn'd
(Me thinks) like to an ancient sacrifice
With flowers, which are not sure the issue of
The spring, but of her beauty, and her
breath.

Pro. Would I had patience to endure ca-
lamities

Like this! but I'm forbid by my gall'd heart;
Why did you keep us limited and lockt
I'th Cave when we had power to hinder
her
Departure, and her death? 'twas a bold
crime.

Leon. Sir, I have hope I gain'd your par-
don when

I mention'd the misfortune of my vow.

Pro. I understand not such injurious
vows:

Thou lov'd'st her *Leonell*, and through the
pride

Of envy couldst not yeeld, since thy own
hopes

Grew faint, that mine should ere be prospe-
rous;

Therefore with cunning willingnesse endur'd
Her desperate fall to the Duke.

Leon. That I did love her fir is a most
true

And fitting glory to proclame; but that
I'm guilty of so base a slander as
Your rashness hath devis'd, provokes me to
A rage that may prove dangerous: reclame
Your thoughts, and teach them more civi-
lity.

Pro. The Prince grows solemne with his
griefe, lest we

Disturbe him let's retire aside, and Ile
Whisper such reasons to thee as shall want
No courage to be truths, though they in-
flame. *(They walke aside.)*

Alva. Fountaines that ever weep have in
their teares

Some benefit, they coole the parched earth,
And cherish a perpetuall growth; the sad
Arabian tree that still in Baulmy drops
Dissolves her life, death yield for others help
A medicine in those teares: but triviall man
Though he hath sence to mourne, may weep
and melt

His injur'd eyes to viewlesse aire, yet all
Th' expence affords is vainly to discern
His mourning gives his sorrows life, and
length,

But not the guiltlesse cause a remedy.

(Lies down.)

Leon. My Lord, I stay'd upon the garden
Mount,

And in the heate of my impatience was
So kind, much to lament your tardinesse;
But now I must have leave to think one
that

Delights to heape up wrongs, hath fury
more

To dare than do:

Pro. Were this a Temple, and the
Pri ce

Imp'oy'd i'th rev'rend businesse of a Priest,
I could not suffer such a boast from one
that I have us'd with so much clemency
In fight—defend thy life, or it is mine.

(They draw and fight.)

Leon. Are you so masterly—again—
I find

No lightning in your eyes, nor in your
sword.

Prof. You have the skill, but I'll distemper it —

Alva. Hold, hold, eager and silly ministers Of wrath, is this a time to bleed, when ere

The morning sun uncloud his pensive face,
There will bee streames of blood let out enough

To make him drinke till he be sick with sacrifice?

Give me thy sword. How *Prospero*? are my Commands grown wearisome and cold —

Prof. There fir — I'm still rebuk'd like to a boy.

Alva. How long shall I direct thy temper to

A gentle and a soft demeanere ere thou Grow wise, and milde Enough to governe it? Let me intreat you fir, to sheath your weapon too.

Leo. Sir, you are worthy to command; and know

I weare it for my guard, not insolence.

Prof. I am appointed all my actions still, As my stupiditie made me not fit To know, but suffer injuries.

Alva. Why dost thou frowne? the fullen wrinkles on

A Lyons brow carry a grace, 'cause they Become a beast, but he that can discerne The nobleness of valor should be smooth As Virgins in their bridall ornaments.

Prof. Sir, I am taught; how ere my senses are

Not so mistaken and so weake, but that They know him false; he lov'd *Evandra*.

Alva. Is that a crime? thou told'st me in the cave

Thou lov'd'st her too.

Prof. I nere durst tell you so,

Till you discern'd my passions, and inforc'd A true discoverie of their hidden cause.

Alva. But I esteem'd it for a vertue knowne,

And it indeede thee more to my respect.

Pray tell me fir, did you love *Evandra*?

And with a heart sincere as she deserv'd?

Leon. Sir, the confession may be honour, but

No shame I did, and with a servencie Vpright as my Religion could produce.

Alva. O what a prompt and warme delight I feele

When others reason are inclin'd unto My choyce? 'tis strange the sencelesse world should so

Mistake the privilege of love, the best Of objects! heaven affects plurallitie Of worshipers, 'adore and serve, whilst we In that chiefe hope are glad of Rivalship; And why should Ladies then that imitate The upper beaury most to mortall view, Be barr'd a numerous adresse? or we Envie each others lawfull, though ambitious aime?

Come, joyne your hands, and seale a friendship here,

Good as inviolate, lasting as truth.

Leo. You give my wishes fir, a full content.

Prof. I want the skill to promise fir, but Ile Performe all your desires with noble faith.

Alva. And now let me imbrace you both, for we

Are lovers all, though when the morne must rise

To see and blush at th'actions of the world; Like sad distressed *Turtles* we shall want Our mate, then we may sit and mourne beneath

The willow that ore'shaddowes every brook, There weepe, till we are vanisht quire in teares

T'increase the streames, whose senceless murmurings

Will be excus'd hereafter in our cause.

Prof. O that my heart would be the officer Of death unto it selfe, and breake without My irreligious helpe; my life is tir'd.

Leo. And I have thoughts so wild, so much unsafe,

They would be sinne in utterance, as in act.

Alva. Give me your hands; with a slow sun'all pace

Weel move, to see this dismall Tragedie.

Let's beare it bravely, like such lovers as Have reason can perswade their courage to Attempt things bold and fir; whilst there was hope,

We cherish'd it with proffer of our lives, But now the strength of Armies cannot free Her from my fathers wrath; nay, hand in hand —

To shew this truth in loves Philosophy,
That as one object equally allures
Th'ambition of our hope, so we not inter-
change

Malignant thoughts; but sev'rall lovers, like
Strange Rivers that to the same Ocean trace,
Do when their torrents meet, curl and em-
brace.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Scena. 1.

*Enter 2. Embassadors with letters, Caladine,
Vasco, Alesto, Frivolo.*

Cal. Your Letters merit to have power
on my
Respect and diligence; I shall afford
You both; but when I bring you to the
Duke

'Tis to be fear'd you'll find the privilege
Of all my favor there is lost.

1 Emb. Access and audience Sir is all
our hopes

Presume to get, the times besfriend us not.

2 Emb. We had swift notice of these La-
dies dangers;

And Sir, how ere it prove, your wishes must
Oblige us to a lasting gratitude.

Alesto. What are these strangers *Vasco*,
that envy

Our sleep, and wake us before day?

Vas. Embassadors from *Milaine*, whose
hopes want

Some cordiall water, for they'r very sick.

Cal. *Vasco*, it is the Dukes command that
you

Assemble straight some strength from the cast
Regiments

To guard the Pallace yard.

Vas. What need it Sir? to my knowledge
the two Ladits have no

Other weapons than Bodkins, and their
nailes

Closse par'd; besides, a thread of *Eglantine*,
Or a small woodbine stalke, will better them
As fast as Cables of a Galley-grosse.

Cal. I but deliver what I had in charge.

My Lords Embassadors this is your way.

1 Emb. These preparations are severe;
I doubt

His mind will not be easily reclaim'd.

2 Emb. You see the gen'rous people like
it not. *Exeunt. Emb. and Cal.*

Vas. *Alesto*, go and muster up from all
The Lanes and Alleys in the Town a troop
Of fine fleet rogues, such as will turne their
backs

To a bullet and outrun it, yet love

Commotion too, I would have such *Alesto*.

Fri. Let me furnish you; hell shall not
yeeld a Regiment

Of Fiends that will be more invifible
At the approach of Justice or Relig'on.

Alesto. O for a tiny short truls'd Baker
that

I knew; A Carman too, that dy'd some three
Months since with eating meazled porke;
they would

'Have march'd to such a war with cowlestaffe
and

Batoone like *Hercules*.

*Enter Trifstan (leading the Widow)
and Lelia.*

Vas. How now? whither move you so fast,
like a

Fleet snail over a cabidge leaf, so early too?
She sleeps lesse than carriers, traytors, or
Madmen.

Tri. She requests me to be the staffe of her
age.

Vas. But whither I pray?

Wid. Why sir, to see the shew.

Vas. The shew! the motion of *Queene
Guinivers* death

Acted by puppets would please you as well;
The Jade too is as full of remorse as

A Beare that wants his supper.

Wid. I would have a safe place, where I
may stand

And weep without having my handker-
chiefe

Stolne away.

Lel. It is of pure Cambrick forsooth,
And made of her Grandmothers wedding
Apron.

Wid. Yes truly, and wrought when I was
a maid.

Alesto. That's an antiquity beyond all
record.

Vas. Sirra *Trifstan*, be you sure you avoid
No throng; a croud well shuffled, and close
pack'd,

May do now a speciall courtesie;

Let her be squeez'd, for she's as rotten as

A

A hollow tree that stands without a root.

Trist. My shoulder shall help too at a dead lift.

Fri. A Scaffold that were weakly built would serve.

Wid. VVe must make haste ; farewell Lambe. *Exeunt Trist Wid. Lel.*

Vas. Lambe, which my own translation renders calfe.

Alcest. 'Twill be long ere thou grow up to a bull:

For few will venter to help thee to hornes.

Vas. VVell Gentlemen pittie my case, I have

Endur'd another night would tire a Perdu, More than a wet furrow and a great frost.

Fri. VVill she not dye ?

Vas. I have perswaded her, but still in vaine ;

And all the help the Laws afford us poore Mistaken men, that marry gold instead Of flesh, is a divorce, it must be thought On suddenly ; *Alcest*, haste to your charge.

Alcest. Good morrow Cavaliers.

Vas. 'Twill be an houre yet before that greeting

Be in season ; pray heaven *Tristan* remember the crowd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alvaro, Prospero, Leonel, and Boy (singing.)

Alva. This glorious hazzard in thy sister (*Leonel*)

Doth equally perplex my sufferance With what the faire *Evandra* must endure.

Leo. You now have heard the chearefull Art she us'd

To be the first that should confirme her love

With prostitution of her virgin life.

Alva. But why for me ? how poore they make me now ;

That have betra'y'd me to a debt the wealth Of Saints (that are in kindnesse ever rich)

Is not of able value to discharge ; I love them both with equall flame, and I

Distinguish neithers beauty when compar'd ; 'Tis vertue and remorse give Ladies emi-

nence In the severe discretion of my heart.

Pro. I want the wisdom how to love ; but I

Am sure I find I love, and 'tis too much.

Alva. Come sing ; would musick had the power to give

A life, as it hath had to move things dead.

Song.

*O draw your Curtaines and appeare,
Ere long, like sparkes that upward flie,
We can but vainly say you were,
So soon you'l vanish from the eye.*

*And in what Star we both shall find
(For sure you can't divided be)
Is not to Lovers Art assign'd,
'Twill puzzle wise Astrology.*

Enter Evandra, and Melora, above.

Evan. Who is it that assumes the office of

The dying Swan ? all Musick now (me thinks)

Is obsequy, and he that sings should sing his death.

Mel. The gentle and most valiant Prince, bold *Prospero*.

Evan. And there behold the faithfull *Leonell*.

Leon. O pardon me that I have kept my vow.

Evan. Brave youth ! I prize thy truth great as thy love ;

We now are mark'd here, and inclos'd for death,

So you have all a blessed liberty.

Alva. A liberty ? we are more bound than slaves unto

Th' unwieldy oare ; like harness'd cartell in A Teeme, we draw a load of sorrow after us That tires our strength.

Evan. There was no way but this To keep you still among the living, who Before endeavour'd nobly to procure Our freedom with your deaths ; do not repine

At destiny, all remedy is past.

Alva. A fatall truth ; for we but now dejected on our knees

Did

Did woe my Father's mercy, and in vaine.

Mel. Then strive not by untimely rage to help

And further our impossible release
With certaine hazzard of your selves; our last

Sute is, we may begin our willing death
As quietly as undisturbed sleep.

Evan. The silly crime of envy which unlearn'd

And haughty Lovers use, I shall prevent;
You'l want the object now, that makes you interchange

The next remembrance of each others claime.

Alva. Were you to live we could not share that guilt;
Though number make us three, wise love hath given

Us all one peacefull heart.

Evan. O *Melora*! were it but timely now
To wish continuance of mortality,
Like them, we should not differ though the same

One virtue were our mutuall hope and choice;

But you should chide her fir, for she hath lov'd

Your happinesse too much, vainely to lose
Her life when mine would satisfie.

Alva. Why *Melora* didst thou undo my soule

VVith so strange courtesie? but why did you

Evandra? stay, o stay, leave us not yet.

Evan. The Guard are entred here, and now the last

And shortest of our houres is come; farewell

Brave Prince; brave *Leonell* farewell; farewell brave *Prospero*.

Mel. The gentle valiant Prince
Farewell; and valiant *Leonell* farewell;
Farewell the hardy *Prospero*. *Ex. from above.*

(*Leon. and Pro. draw their swords.*)
Alva. Nay, stir not Gentlemen, it is in vaine,

They are beyond all humane help; would you

Scale heaven, and coole the sawcy Sun with your

Frail breath when he doth scorch you with his beames?

For such is now the enterprize that strives
To rescue them from this high Fort.

Leon. Would I were in a Cannon charg'd, then straight

Shot out to batter it, and be no more.

Pro. Would all the stones might be ordain'd my food

Till I could eat their passage out.

Alva. These angry exaltations shew but poore.

Pro. Sir, whither shall we go?

Alva. To see them dye; but not like vaine and colerick boyes, to shew

A fury that can hazzard none but our Disdain'd swords; yet still my worthy friends

There is an undertaking left, and such
As valiant lovers may performe; why should
The base and durty Guard be honour'd with
Our opposition or our blood? have we
Not grieffe enough to dye without their help?
Let us with fix'd and watry eyes behold
These Ladies suffer, but with silence still,
Calmely like pinion'd doves, and when we see

The fatal stroke is given, swell up our sad
And injur'd hearts untill they break.

Leon. I do not find my self unapt for this.

Pro. My breast contains an angry lump that is

Too stubborn for a quiet bravery;
He that shall strike *Evandra*'s life shall feeble
Me till he sink low as the hollownesse where
Devils dwell.

Alva. This way; let us avoid the gazing multitude. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Caladine, Vasco, 2 Embassadors, and Attendants.

Du. Have you unto your Officers given charge

To guard the passage from the Fort unto
The Pallace yard with bold well-govern'd men?

Vas. All is directed Sir as you command;
But for their government, if it be to be had
In prisons, galleys, or stews, you may
Trust them with a mutiny.

Cal. His resolution's fix'd, and there remains
No comfortable signe to flatter hope.
Du. My Lords Embassadors sit down ; and
though
You now behold a Prince that rather loves
To be thought cruell than to break his
vow,
Do not beleeeve to be severely just
Is tyranny ; you shall have faire admit-
tance,
Yet your request unkindly ought to be
Deny'd ; and though your Master (when the
chance
Of war rendred my brother in his power,)
Stole in the dark his noble life, and durst
Not give the wrathfull act a gen'ral view;
I'm not asham'd to publish my revenge,
It shall be openly perform'd, to shew
I not inspect mens censure or dislike.
1 Emb. Sir, he that ministers revenge may
hurt
And damage others, but can bring no good
Or reall profit to himselfe.
2 Emb. And with your Highnesse leave,
we think it were
More wise to mulct our Masters treasure,
which
Shall be exhausted freely to your own
Proportion and content, so you will take
His Daughter and her lov'd companion
from
The danger of this day.

*Enter Evandra, Melora, Guard, at one doore:
Alvaro, Prospero, Leonell, at the other.*

Du. I will not sell my brothers bloud ;
The prisoners approach ; make roome ; ere
long
They shall enjoy the liberty of soules ;
Vasco, lend me thine eare. (*whispers.*)
Alva. How beautifull is sorrow when it
dwells
Within these Ladies eyes ? so comely, that it
makes
Felicity in others seeme deform'd.
I wish my patience may be strong enough.
Leon. I now begin to doubt I am not fit
To see their hazard and indur't.
Pro. Nor I ; my loyalty already's stir'd

Beyond the temperate suff'rance of a man.
Du. Thou seest the Prince weares trouble
in his looks ;

Though any opposition he can make
Be but impertinent and weak, yet charge
Thy Officers, if he endeavor to
Disturbe my will, imprison him i'th Fort.
Vasf. I shall observe him Sir ; I do not like
This employment ; the Prince will find no
Enemies in all my tribe.

Du. If you have any words from *Millaine*
that
Imports their knowledge, ere they dye, be
briefe

My Lords Embassadors ; I give you leave
To whisper your affaire, or if you please,
To make it publike to the world.

1 Emb. Your cruell resolutions sir, have fo
Confin'd our liberality, that all
We shall deliver to *Evandra* now
Is but her Fathers and her Countries teares,
And those we can by deputation pay
To the indang'ring of our eyes.

2 Emb. And to *Melora*, that in kindnesse
thus

Hath shar'd her destiny, we do confer
The worlds eternall wonder and applause.

Evan. It will deprive me of some joy in
death, to think

My Father needs must suffer by a vaine
Unprofitable griefe, and 'tis the last
Request I make, that he would wisely now
Forget my obsequies and name.

Mel. And my desires make sute, that those
who shall

Hereafter write the businesse of this day
May not beleeeve I suffer for the hope
Of glorious Fame, but for a secret in my
hidden love.

1 Emb. Question your justice Sir, must
they both dye?

Du. Both ; and I think my payment is but
short,

When I consider well the measure of
My brothers worth, with their unvalu'd Sex,
And wish some man that boasts your masters
bloud

Were singly here to undergoe their fate,
It would more pleasure my revenge, but since
There is no hope in that desire, away, lead
them to death.

Leon.

Leon. Stay Sir, reprieve them but one minutes space

Untill you heare a stranger speake.

Alva. What meanes this noble youth?

Du. Be sudden in thy speech, for my revenge brooks no delay.

Leon. If I produce a man ally'd unto this Family you so abhor,
Great as your selfe in title and descent,
Will you with solemne vow confirme their liberty,

And take his life to satisfie your wrath?

Du. By th' honour of a Princes faith I wil;
And such a miracle would ravish me.

Leon. I dare beleewe your vow, you were so just
Though cruell in your last, and know my joyes

Must take the privilege to boast you now
Have lost the power to make them dye.

Duk. It shall be wonderfull if that prove true.

Leo. I am not *Leonell* the *Millaine* Knight,
But *Leonell* the Duke of *Parma* Son,
Heire to his fortune and his fame.

Evan. O *Melora*! thy brother will reveale
Himselfe and quite undoe our glorious strife.

Leo. By this you find I am to *Millaine* neer
Ally'd; but more to tempt your fury on
My life, know 'twas my valiant Father took
Your brother prisoner, and presented him
Where he receiv'd his death; my Father that
So oft hath humbled you in war, and made
His victories triumph almost upon
The ruines of your State.

Alva. So young, and fill'd with thoughts so excellent,
That they surprise my wonder more than love!

Well mayest thou worship, *Prospero*, but
durst not envy him.

Pro. B'ing your Disciple Sir,
I'm better taught; but 'tis no ctime to wish

Fortune had made me Heire of *Parma* and
Not him, then I had dy'd for them.

Vas. This is some comfort yet; I'm for the Ladies.

Cal. But 'thath not given our sorrows a full cure.

Du. Sir you are boldest with your selfe;
but you

Shall see I need no provocation to
Observe my vow; unbind the Ladies there;
And beare him straight to death.

1 Emb. Stay Sir, he must not dye.

Du. How? age and griefe makes thee a
foole, and mad.

1 Em. He must not Sir, if your revenge be
wife,

And fix your anger where 'tis most deserv'd;
(*Takes off a false beard.*)

Behold *Millaine* himselfe your Enemy;
Live princely youth, and let my yeares
(which time

Would soone determine) be the ranfome of
My chiefest bloud; *Evandra* do not weep.

Evan. O Sir, there was lesse use of me;
why would

You with this danger on your selfe destroy
That noble fame I vertuously pursu'd?

Mel. Our hope of endlesse glory now is
lost.

Alva. Sure heaven intends more blessings
to this day.

Du. I have achiev'd my wishes in full
height;

This was a justice fir, more than I could
Expect from my own Stars; free *Leonell*
And let him suffer the prepared stroke.

2 Emb. First heare me speak, and fir how
ever you'l

Interpret the discretion of my words
I am resolv'd he shall not dye, nor none
Of these, though all in your command and
power.

Vas. Say't thou so old Shaver? make but
that good,

The maids of *Savoy* shall everlastingly
Pay thee tribute in dainty gloves and Nose-
gays

To stick in thy girdle.

Du. This were a mystery would please in-
deed.

2 Emb. Look on me well: I am your brother
Sir; (*Pulls off a false beard.*)

And though ten yeares I have been hidden
from

Your fight, this noble Duke hath us'd me so,
I cannot call it banishment, but the
etir'd and quiet happinesse of life.

Alva. How wisely have the heavens con-
triv'd this joy!

1 *Emb.* And though his fortune in the war,
which made
Your Armies ever flourish with successe,
Taught me prevent my Countreys ruine by
Detaining him from your employment there;
Yet he enjoy'd all the delights that solitude
Affords: and when he chose his happinesse
In Books and deep Discourses of the learn'd,
I search'd the most remote and knowing
world

For men to furnish his desires.

2 *Emb.* It is acknowledg'd sir, and with a
bounteous thanks. (me)

Duk. How welcome are these miracles? let
Embrace thee as the greatest joy that since
My birth I have receiv'd. O my lov'd brother,

Thou see'st though absent I've been faithfull
to

Thy vertues, and thy memorie.

2. *Emb.* But sir, too strict a master of your
vow;

Yet tis a fault my gratitude should more
Admire with thankfulness, than chide.

Duk. This happy day deserves a place su-
preme

And eminent i'th Kallander.

2. *Emb.* First I will give into your cour-
teous armes

The Duke of Millaine sir, good & renown'd;
And now the bold and princely Leonell;
Then *Alvaro* my honourd nephew that
Deserves the best of humane praise and love.

The Duke embraces them.

Alva. Dread sir, that every one may share
the joy

And blessings of this precious houre, let me
Bestow poore *Prospero* into your breast.

Duk. He shall bee cherish'd and his faults
forgiven.

Prof. I shall deserve it sir in future deeds
Of honour, and of loyall faith; how I

Am rap'd to see those wonders strangely
thrive?

Vas. What thinke you of the stars now
Caladine?

Do these small twinkling Gentlewomen
Looke to their business well? have they a
care of us?

Cal. It is beyond our merit or our hope.

Vas. He buy me an optick, study Astro-
logie,

And visit e'm ev'ry faire night ore my house
leds.

Duk. The chiefeest happines of virtue is
Th'increase, which to procure, with *Hymens*
help

Wee'll knit, and intermingle lovers hearts.
Come my *Alvaro*, Ile bestow thee straight.

Melo. A little patience sir, and heare me
speake

Before you give what lawfully is mine.

Duk. Indeed thou dost deserve him by thy
love.

Mel. In love *Evandras* interest justly

Doth equall mine, but I appeale unto

His vow, which sure her goodnesse will as-
sist.

Alva. And my religion shall perswade me
keepe;

But where (*Melora*) was it made?

Melo. Within my fathers court, when five
yeares since

(Disguis'd you stole to see a triumph there)
You promis'd if our houses enmity

VVere ever reconcil'd, the church should
joyne our hands.

Leon. Sir, VVhat my sister speakes I'm wit-
nesse to,

And hope this day shall end our parents
strife

In a kinde peace:

Duk. VVhich thus I doe confirme;

Take him *Melora*, with him all the joyes
Thy virtues or our prayers can procure.

Alva. Didst thou for this with kind *Evand-
ra* strive

VVho should encounter danger first? al-
though

Thy beauty's chang'd, it is not lost; I now
Remember thee, and my vowes propheticie.

Embrace.

1. *Emb.* Now my best *Evandra* give me
thy hand;

And heare receive it valiant *Leonell*;

That I may ratifie the faith I gave,

If ere this war expir'd she should be thine.

Duk. Then hee may challenge present
interest,

For we may meet to heare voyces and lutes,
But never more the angry Drum.

Evan. *Alvaro's* virtues sir, and yours, have
both.

An

An equall claim ; persons I nere admir'd
So much to make a difference in my choyce;
Therefore my fathers promise, and my love
Have made me yours.

Leon. I am orecharg'd with my felicitie.

Alv. To *Evandra*, gladness be still renew'd,
VVho since I see so worthily bestow'd,
My love is quieted in everlasting rest.

Evan. And mine by your exact, and perfect
choyce.

Prof. These glad achievements are so
well deserv'd,

I not maligne your loyes ; Ile to the warr
And fight to win you a perpetuall peace.

(Vasco takes Milaine aside.)

Vas. I'm bold to crave acquaintance with
your grace,

And to begin it with a sute.

Emb. It shall be granted Sir;

Vas. I have married your Graces Country-
woman,

And was a little (sir) mistaken in her age,
Would you'd procure us a divorce.

Emb. If you can make't appeare she is
too old.

Vas. She writes a hundred and ten (Sir)
next grassie.

Emb. 'Tis a faire age ; well Sir, you shall
have a divorce,

And what the profits of her dowry would
Have been, I will my selfe bestow on you.

Vas. Such another good day makes us all
mad.

Du. Come, to the Temple, and let's joyne
rhose hearts

That with such pious courage have endur'd
The tryall of a noble constant faith,
Whom tortures nor the frowns of death
could move.

This happy day wee'l consecrate to love.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

But that the Tyran custome bears such sway,
We would present no Prologue to our Play,
Since we have learn'd in Prologues all the
(scope

Is with weak words to strengthen weaker hope,
When with sad solemn phrase we court each eare
Nor to observe, but pardon what you heare :
Or if there were but one so strangely wise
Whose judgement strives to please, and trust his
Him at an easie charge we could provoke (eyes,
To a kind doome with this grave long old cloak,
Now for the over-subtle few, who raise
Themselves a triviall fame by a dispraise,
Our bold opinion is, they may descry
Some easie wit, but much more cruelty.

EPILOGUE.

Troth Gentlemen you must vouchsafe a while
To excuse my mirth, I cannot chuse but
And 'tis to think, how like a subtle spy (smile,
Our Poet waits below to heare his destiny;
Just in the Entry as you passe, the place
Where first you mention your dislike or grace:
Pray whisper softly that he may not heare,
Or else such words as shall not blast his eare.

Dramatis Personæ.

The old Duke of *Savoy*
His brother
The Duke of *Millaine* } Disguised like
 } Embassadors.

Alvaro, Prince of *Savoy*

Leonell, Prince of *Parma*

Prospero, a young Count

Caladine, an old Counsellor

Vasco, a Collonell

Alteſto

Frivolo } Officers and Souldiers.

Tristan

Evandra, Heire of *Millaine*

Mclora, Siſter to *Leonell*

An old Widow

Lelia, her Maide

Boy

Muſitians

Souldiers

Servants

The Scene *savoy*.

